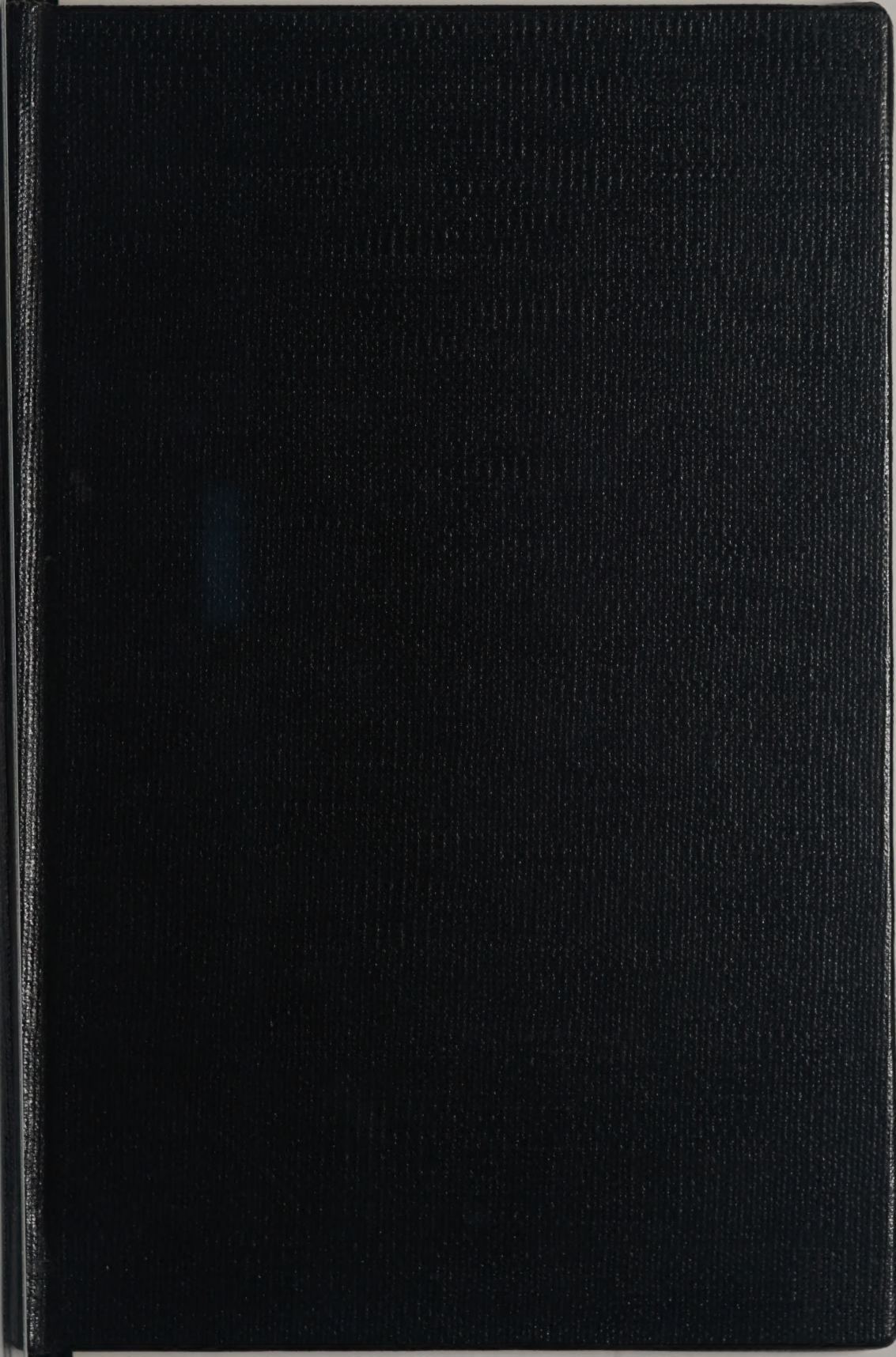


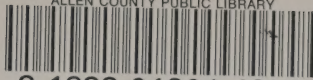


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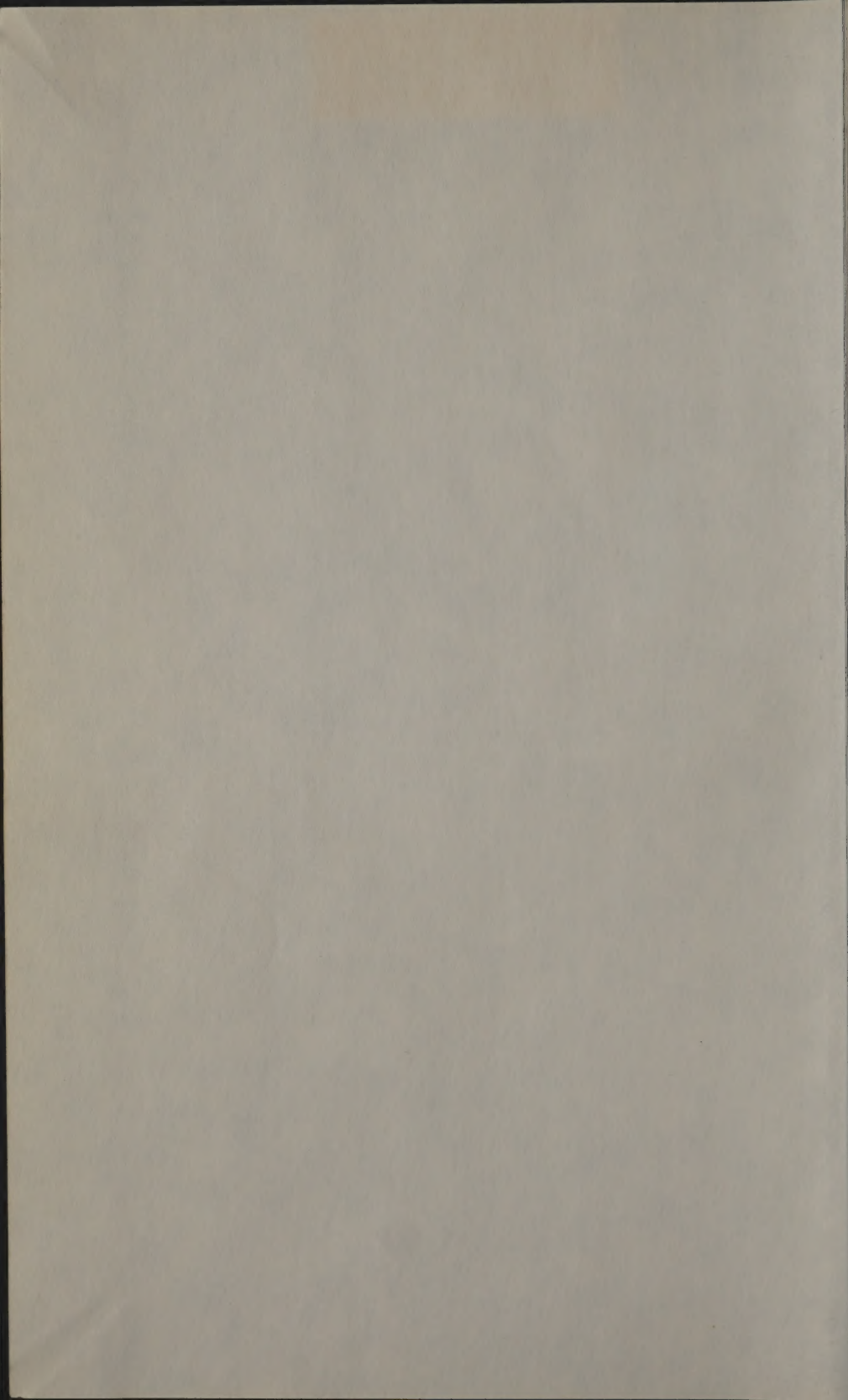
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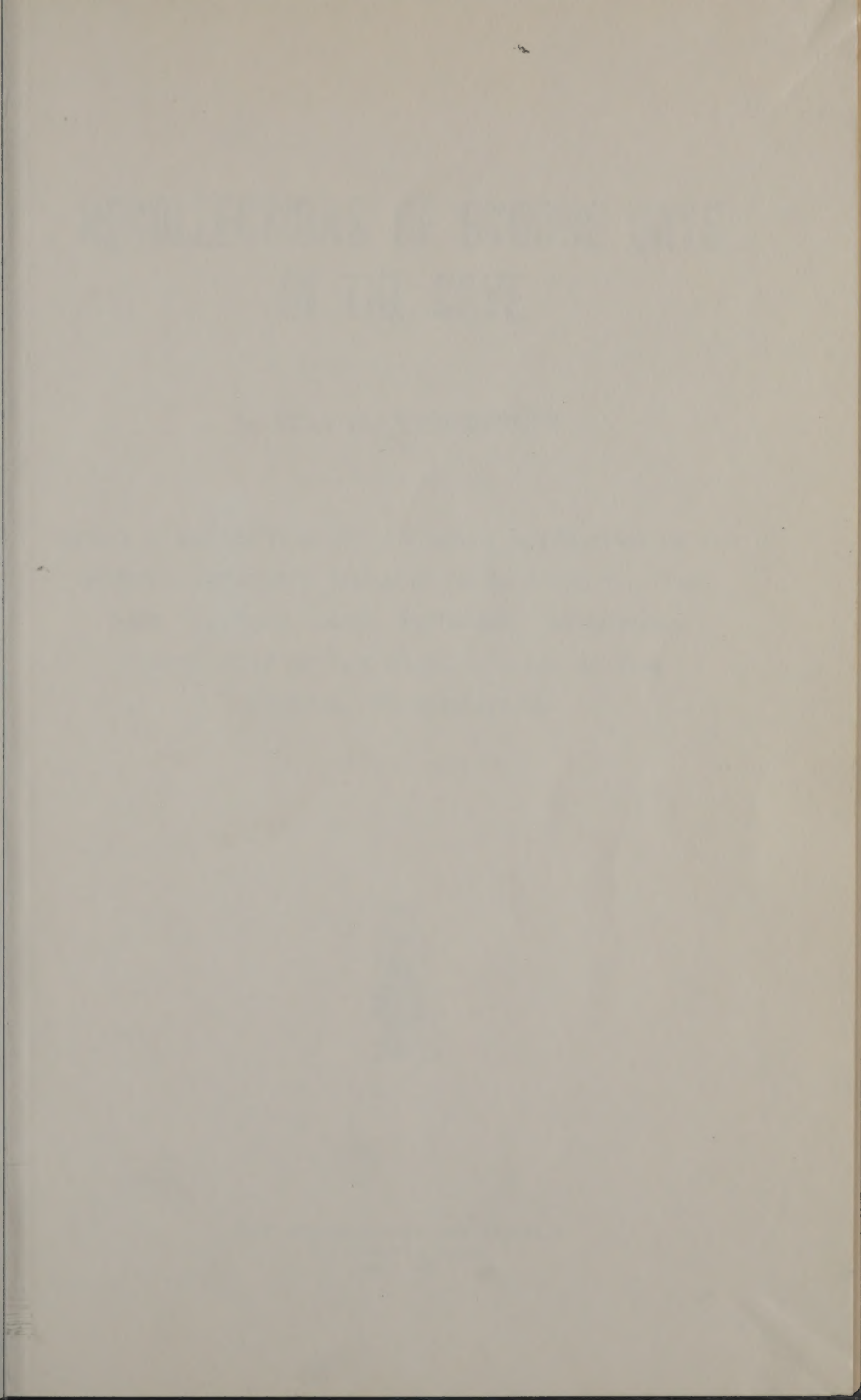
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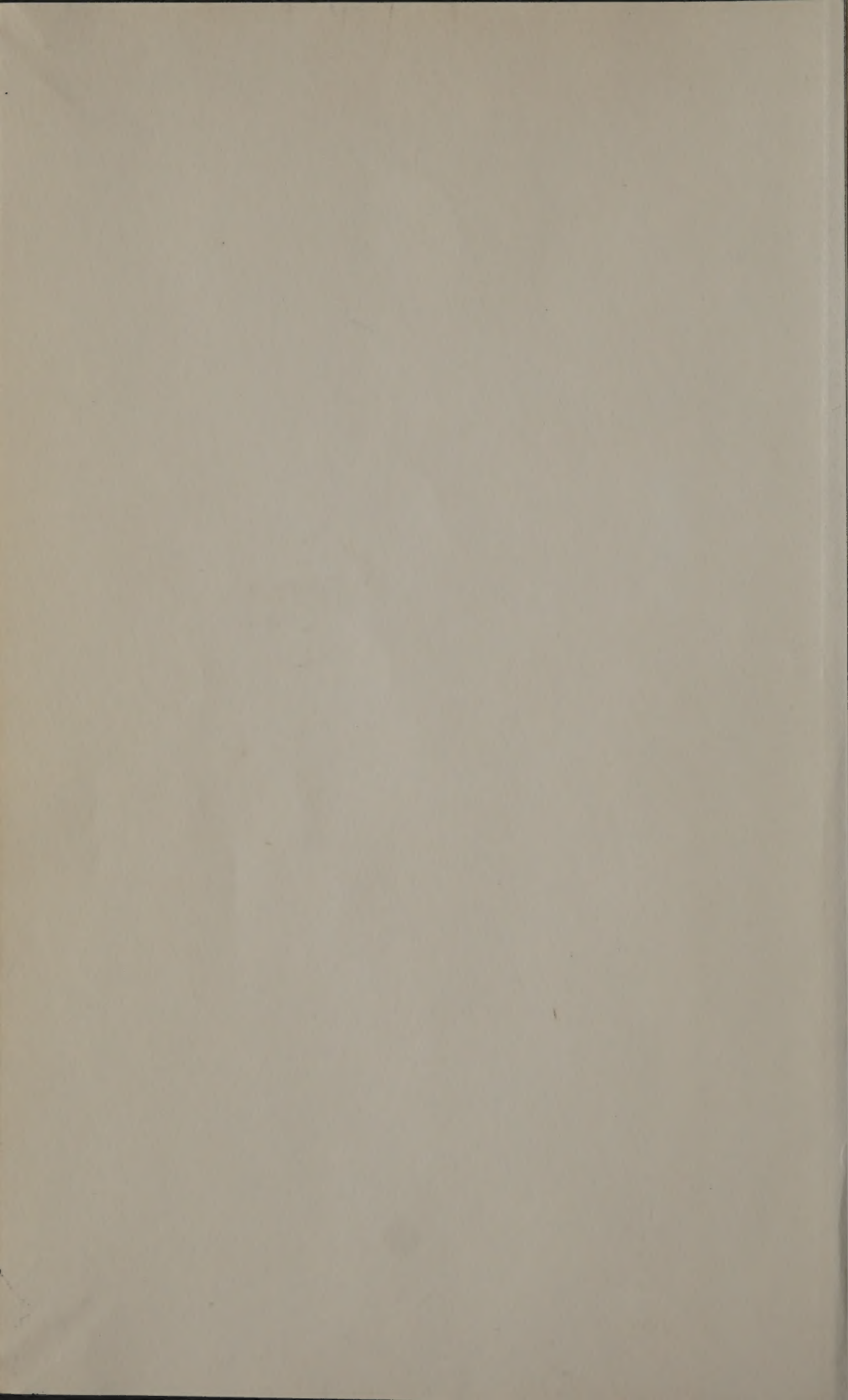
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RECOLLECTIONS OF BYGONE DAYS IN THE COVE

By ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

BEING A COLLECTION OF ARTICLES APPEARING IN THE
MORRISONS COVE HERALD FROM TIME TO TIME,
AND WRITTEN FROM PERSONAL INTERVIEWS
WITH SOME OF THE OLDER FOLKS OF THE
SEVERAL COMMUNITIES.



THE MORRISONS COVE HERALD
MARTINSBURG, PENNA.
JAN. 1, 1933

A Foreword

It is not often that newspaper articles are of sufficient permanent interest to find their way between the covers of a book. While it is the business of a newspaper to record those happenings that make history, the narrations usually are not written from a historical standpoint.

It has been the happy privilege of The Herald during the past six months to present to its readers a series of articles dealing with bygone days in Morrisons Cove which are of more than passing importance.

These articles written by Ella M. Snowberger of Curryville bring to light conditions, customs and modes of rural living in the earlier days of the Cove that should be history to the present generation. The era which these articles cover belongs to the far and distant past.

Miss Snowberger by interviewing men and women of the Cove who have reached the age of four score or thereabouts in life's journey, has been enabled to get data and information at first hand that would not be obtainable in any other way, and otherwise would be lost as these folks pass from earthly scenes.

Surely the manner in which our forefathers lived—their joys and sufferings—how they subdued the wilderness with the crude instruments at hand, and laid the groundwork for the super civilization of the present day, should be of some historical significance.

In no other way, other than in these Herald articles, has much of this material ever been presented. Miss Snowberger in her graphic word pictures and in a style which is particularly her own, has woven romance about these tales of other days, and it is with a view of preserving the more interesting articles in more permanent form than the columns of a newspaper provides that this little book is being issued.

The Herald feels honored in being permitted to include some of the work of F. C. Dodson, residing near Hollidaysburg, whose contributions in the way of verse and observations under the caption of "Heraldings" have proven such a delight to our readers in times past.

The Herald dedicates this little book to its subscribers who during the stress of the times have renewed their faith in the newspaper which is approaching the half century mark of service in The Cove.

MORRISONS COVE HERALD,
Elmer C. Ake, publisher.

CIVIL WAR DAY SCHOOLS

Although the public school system during the time of the Civil war had grown out of long clothes, it yet was a tempestuous child whose management was a problem of vast concern to the worried school dads.

That all was not smooth sailing is very apparent to anyone, who reads the minutes of the North Woodbury Township school board covering the years 1864 to 1867, both inclusive.

The old record book belongs to Justice of the Peace John H. Kensinger of Martinsburg. It originally was owned by his grandfather, the late John B. Kensinger, who served as president of the school board during the years mentioned. Then as now, one of the chief difficulties was the raising of sufficient funds to support the schools.

Founded in 1835, the public or free school system was bitterly opposed on the grounds of expense. The old subscription school was considered adequate. Education at the public expense was a needless experiment, since how could book learning help to raise wheat and corn. That seemed to describe the general attitude of the people. Resistance to taxation for the schools was encountered all along the line.

Bounty Tax During War

During the Civil War an additional burden was imposed because of the bounty tax. This was a levy to raise money to pay volunteer soldiers to enter the service in order that the township quota demanded by the Federal military authorities might be filled.

During the last years of the war,

the draft was extended to include virtually every able-bodied man in the country, irrespective of dependents or conscientious scruples. When his call to arms came, he either went himself or hired a substitute. Any other course invited a bullet in the back. Detachments of troops were stationed at strategic points, and in the event of a drafted man taking to the woods, the whole district was fine-tooth combed until the fugitive was hunted down and shot.

The school board obligated itself to keep the township quota filled by paying a bounty to volunteers. The money was raised partially by heavily assessing the men who sought exemption. The balance was secured by levying a tax on the whole district.

And right here the directors immediately embarked on the working out of that familiar riddle of how to make the red ink strike a balance with the black. The answer seemed to be the same as it is today, "Borrow". And they resorted to this device frequently, although, hard-headed farmers that they were, they saw to it that these sums were not large and that the debts were promptly paid.

Owing to the sincerity of purpose and the zeal with which these public spirited directors furthered the best interests of the schools, all the rough spots eventually were ironed out, and, the war being over at long last, everything moved forward in the even tenor of harmony and progress.

Term Was Four Months

According to the minutes, the first

session recorded was held on Saturday, June 4th, 1864. An organization of the board was effected as follows: John B. Kensinger, president, C. Smith, secretary; salary \$5.50; J. M. Burget, treasurer at one per cent. Other members were: J. B. Burket, I. Mezger, G. B. Dilling and S. G. Rhodes.

The bounty tax which sat like a spectre at every meeting, having been laid low, eventually, the board set about the real business of the schools. The term which was fixed at four months was to open the beginning of November. A levy of \$1,200 was laid for the year and teachers were elected to the eight schools in the district.

These schools, as recollected by 'Squire John H. Nicodemus, Martinsburg's dean of citizens and mine of information on past history of the locality, were situated at North and South Martinsburg; Middletown; Henrietta; near Millerstown on the Falknor farm; south of Fredericksburg near where the former Kensinger school house stood; Stonerook Hill, and near the site of the former Law school house, one-fourth of a mile north of Curryville. The schools were designated by numbers, numbering from one to eight, inclusive, but the old squire is unable to say which was which, as he never knew them except by name.

The teachers "hired" were: H. Burget, G. B. Smith, A. N. Baker, F. L. Nicodemus, Samuel M. Shriver, J. Ross Mateer, S. B. Lysinger and John G. Skyles. Their salary was set at \$27.00 per month on condition that their certificates were not graded above 11. A quarter was knocked off for every point in excess of the

standard of 11. The lowest wage was \$26.12½, the highest, \$27.62½. Apparently "fipney bits", "two-bits" and the half-penny were current then. A "fipney bit" was equivalent to 6¼ cents.

School Houses 70 Years Ago

These young men hung up their hats and birch rods in very humble school houses: Long desks were ranged along the walls, set paralled with the length of the room, the girls being on one side and the boys on the other. Backless benches served as seats. But little attention was paid to graduating the height of the seats to accommodate the little children. However, in some of the rooms, concessions to their comfort were provided by a board being put in position for a back.

The children's benches were in the front row. No busy work; only the a, b, abs and a slate and pencil occupied their time. Legs dangling from the high benches, little bodies must have been infinitely wearied before the end of the day. But the little folks, inured to a life devoid of luxury, had such a good time during the intermissions, that school was not the hardship it would be to the modern child, were conditions the same.

The black board was made of wooden boards painted black. One of the items in the record book, notes a payment made to W. T. Albert for "teaching and painting black board". The teacher was supposed to make necessary minor repairs, for which he received extra compensation. Another memorandum has to do with "hooping the stoves".

Occasionally the stove would crack by reason of excessive fires built in

the vain attempt to heat the room. The remedy applied was in the shape of a wagon tire, which was fastened around the bowl of the stove to hold it together. Grates in those old relics were stationary. The only way the ashes could be stirred down was by means of a poker. The lively boys were very expert in the exercise of this art, as "Whooping" up the fire was a sort of winter indoor sport.

Some Lessons Were Sung

The curriculum was not restricted to the popular conception of "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic". Osgood's series of text books was used, Goodrich's history and Clark's and Smith's grammars were adopted and geography was an important subject. Every school room was equipped with maps. A favorite daily outlet for energy, was the singing of the states and capitals.

The teachers would point to each state on the map of the United States, which adorned the wall conspicuously, and all the students, first graders, as well as the young men and women in the back rows, would lustily chant "Main is Augusta, situate on the Kennebec river", and so on, until each state was properly recognized in the melody. Bodies swaying to the rhythm of the catchy tune, voices shouting in unison, this was one of the chief pleasures of "books". The multiplication table was chanted in the same way. In fact, in some of the schools, this constituted all the "music" they had.

However, some of the teachers were capable music teachers, and singing, both by note and by rote was practiced. The teacher was master of all he surveyed. The more ambitious among them taught a most sur-

prising variety of data. The directors even went so far as to introduce the rudiments of astronomy, as evidenced by a notation of the sum of \$40 having been paid for "a prospectus and chart of the solar system". The pupils supplied their own books, and it is safe to say that they were none too plentiful. Lacking a reader they used the Testament; minus a speller, they spelled their way through the dictionary.

Night spelling schools were a popular institution. What intensive effort was put into the endeavor to win the district championship, is beyond the comprehension of the present-day student, because long since the old "test spellers" with its weird "jaw-breakers" and brain-twisters, has passed out of vogue.

"Rough House" at Spellings

One infers there were times when the decorum of the night spelling matches was broken into by pretty "rough housing". A resolution sets forth that night spelling schools could be held only after permission had been granted by one or more members of the board. Furthermore the teacher is informed that he will be held responsible in case of damage to the school house.

Discipline was not all enforced entirely by moral suasion, evidenced by a resolution gravely passed, that owing to damage done to the Hoover school house by thrashing, thrashing should be abolished during the remainder of the term of 1866.

At a meeting held in June of 1867, the following self-explanatory excerpt from the minutes gives an illuminating insight into social conditions: "After a short consultation a resolution was passed that our school

houses be reserved for school purposes only; excepting upon application to one or more of the board a house may be given for the use of public worship, or anything that is strictly calculated to improve the minds or intellects. Provided that the applicants give satisfactory evidence that the house so used shall not be injured or abused."

Each year some of the old directors dropped out, to be replaced by others. Among the new directors named were: Conrad Dilling or "Coon", as he sometimes was referred to in the minutes, C. Replogle Jacob Hoover, Fred Nicodemus and George Smith. They sacrificed much time, thought and effort to give the schools a wise and an efficient administration. All of them long ago passed to their reward, but their lives have left their mark on the Cove as an incentive to industry, decency and civic betterment.

Was Last Survivor

Other teachers employed following the year of 1865 were: J. H. Stoudnour, J. Z. Smith J. Suter, S. J. Smith, W. S. Nicodemus, S. B. Replogle, Annie Puderbaugh, Julia Lysinger, E. D. Kensinger and W. T. Albert. They were individuals whose private lives measured up to the high ideals of conduct they ever held before their pupils. They, too, have passed away, leaving examples of modest and worthy achievement. The last of this old guard of instructors to survive, was Samuel M. Shriver, late of Martinsburg, who died March 4th, 1932, at the advanced age of 87 years.

They accomplished much with very meagre equipment. The entire school tax throughout these years amounted

to only \$1200, \$1250, \$1350, and eventually in 1868, it was raised to \$1900, in order to cover the expense of several new buildings. Isaac Hoover seems to have been the official carpenter, since two items show payments to him of \$206.26 on two separate occasions, "for putting up the new school houses". An interesting memorandum at the end of the record book, which was entered early in the year of 1868, explains that since "good teachers are not available at the low salaries heretofore paid", it was resolved to raise the wages to \$35 per month for that term.

When one makes a survey of the equipment used, and takes into consideration the fact that there were only four months of school in a year, one's admiration for these old-timers grows very appreciably. Under the circumstances, one wonders how it was possible for the pupils in those primitive Cove schools to acquire the knowledge and accuracy which compelled the respect of later generations, whose opportunities have been so far superior.

HERALDINGS

How easy it is to plan and even to tell what we are going to do, but how difficult to carry out those plans.

For some time to come one of our greatest problems is going to be the payment of the money due by European countries. We believe they should be given time in which to pay, but can see no reason for cancellation of their just debt.

And maybe if the Russians' would shave and clean up a little we might recognize them.

NO LOAFING 100 YEARS AGO

How sad! Here's a notice of another sudden death. Ah yes, we're living at a too rapid pace.

The high pressure of modern living saps our energy, and pouf! We snap out without a moment's warning.

Yes, that's what we all say. And subconsciously, perhaps, we register a wish for the repose of the good old days. Good old days chock full of leisure, when folks had time to indulge in introspection and meditation.

Well, let's turn back the clock to the good old days and have a look-see at that much advertised spare time. Alright, the magic formula works. Here we are in Morrisons Cove back in 1832. We are looking forward to having bread for dinner. That's easy.

All we have to do is to clear off a few acres of the magnificent yellow pines which grew nearly to the size of their sister giant conifers of the Pacific coast. The logs having gone up in smoke in hugh bonfires, we plow around the stumps, harrow the ground, and then we are ready to sow the seed wheat, scattering it fore and aft by hand. We cover it up by dragging brush over it, or harrowing where that is possible, and wait for harvest time. When it is ripe, we cut the grain with a sickle, tie it in bundles, beat the kernels out of the straw with a flail, winnow it in the wind, or if we are well-off, we run it through a wind mill. Cluppity, clup; cluppity clup, what a complaining, creaking song that old wind mill sang. The grain is ready now to be taken to mill. We heave some sacks on to one of the horses and away we

go to the old mill stream. There it is ground between the mill stones into flour. Now that the preliminaries are completed, all we have to do is bake it into bread.

Work Done By Hand

The rest of the time when we were not turning the grind stone, by hand; drawing water, by hand; chopping wood, sawing logs, forging horse shoes, making our furniture, weaving our cloth and constructing our farming implements, all by hand, we had left to utilize in admiring the scenery and communing with our souls.

We of the present day have lost sight of the relentless drudgery of the old times. When we are made to realize what our forefathers had to endure, the toll of heart-breaking efforts it took to clear this land, wrest their living from it, and then hand it down to us a fair heritage of fertile acres, our hats are off. We bow our heads in humility at the thought of the colossal tasks those work-gnarled hands accomplished, and at the moral courage and ennobling ideals those staunch souls found time to foster in the children who were to carry on after them. Not royal blood, but royal codes of life did they transmit to posterity.

To go back over the different steps leading to the final stage of baking a loaf of bread in pioneer days, we shall turn our attention to clearing the land. It is a long way from felling trees to lifting a batch of delicious, crusty brown loaves from the old-fashioned bake oven. But these beautiful farms did not come to our forefathers ready made. Before

the bread could be made, they had to go through the strenuous labor incident to clearing the land and breaking the soil in readiness for planting.

Favored Limestone Soil

When the first settlers came to the Cove they found the land covered with forests. A vast panorama of tall yellow pine trees held the eye as far as vision could carry. With their unerring instinct for lime stone soil, those German, Dutch and Scotch homesteaders struck their staffs into the earth and said, "Here is ground that will withstand the wear and tear of the ages. Here we will build our homes."

After building a shelter, they proceeded to clear the land. Those monarch pine trees fell to the settler's axe one after another, their like to disappear from the Cove forever. After they were cut, the problem was what disposition to make of the logs. The pioneers constructed their buildings of them, but that did not make so much as a dent in the supply. Before the land could be planted it had to be grubbed of the undergrowth of stunted oak which grew underneath the pines. Working alongside the men, the women took mattocks and grubbed too. Elder J. B. Miller, of Curryville, to whom we are indebted for much of the information incorporated in these articles, remembers hearing his father, David T. Miller, tell of two of the latter's sisters, Katie Werking and Hannah Gump, who were noted grubbers. In fact, Mrs. Gump once beat the local male champion at this work, much to his chagrin.

There were Amazons in those days, as the following incident will prove. Mrs. Gump was wont on occasions

when contests of strength were under way, to stand on a half-bushel measure, and from that height pick up a two and one-half bushel sack of grain from the ground and throw it over her shoulder. There probably were other women who could duplicate this feat.

Logs Used For Fence

After that sufficiently large patch es were cleared, they were fenced in, the pine logs serving as fencing material. Two logs were rolled together for a foundation. Cross sections of hewed logs were laid on top at each end. Successive layers of logs were thus laid on top of one another until the fence was the desired height. Such a fence was not only horse high, bull strong and hog tight, but it gave promise of lasting as long as time endured.

Still the logs were little diminished. Lumber that now would command a price almost equal to its weight in gold, was just so much rubbish. The only thing left to do was to send out invitations to the surrounding country side to come together and have a log burning. They came for miles around. On horse back, in springless schooner wagon drawn by oxen, in any mode of vehicle the crudities of the wagon maker could achieve. The logs were piled in pyres in form that the experienced woodsmen had learned was best adapted to catch fire easily. Tinder was collected, the torch applied, and directly the flames leaped upward into the very zenith of the heavens.

These great conflagrations must have furnished a high degree of excitement to the crowds that looked on, feeling a sense of awe, the while they shouted at one another and

made merry. Little did they realize that they were sacrificing on the ruthless altar of progress, a wealth of dollars and cents, of utility and of beauty, which their posterity would have valued beyond the gold of Ophir. Such is the price of civilization. As the sway of empire encompasses the primitive places of the earth, the wilds of nature must fall before it, never to be raised again.

"People are not as sociable nowadays as they were when I was young. They don't go together so much and you can't call on your neighbors for help the way you used to do."

David T. Miller, father of Elder John B. Miller, of Curryville, made this familiar complaint years ago when Elder Miller was a boy. Accordingly we assume that a hundred years back, community life was much more intimate, more friendly than it is now.

"Do you remember?" is the way each generation prefaces its regrets at the lack of the present when compared with the dear, dead past. I suppose Adam entertained his great-grandchildren with stories about the superiority of the good old days.

Be that as it may, it stands to reason that when neighbors were few and far between they naturally were glad to be together. And when everything was done by hand, of course there would be a disposition to offer help. There was thus engendered a type of mass production that had Henry Ford's unemployment making variety beaten from every angle. This was especially true as it related to log-burnings, butchering harvesting, corn husking, threshing, apple-butter boiling and the like.

Hard Work, Good Eats

Hard work, good eats, lively company and, "Ay, due yay! Wot a wunderborlich time it made then. Yah, geviss".

Mechanized industry is taking us farther and farther away from the simple life. Can you imagine sowing grain nowadays by hand? That is the way our forefathers did it. Can you believe that the speediest among them could sow as much as eight acres a day? The field was scored into lands, perhaps ten feet wide. The sower carried the grain, a half bushel or three pecks of it, in a sack thrown over his left shoulder, holding the mouth of the sack open with the left hand. Dipping his right hand into the sack, he took a handful and threw it broadcast through his loosely held fingers.

The whole operation was one of beautifully co-ordinated motion. He cast the grain at every other step, arms and legs moving in perfect rhythm. It was a picture of graceful proficiency, with not a single lost movement. It is amazing how evenly the grain fell. A round trip over the length of the field sufficed to sow one of the lands.

Harrowed in, the grain required no further attention, except for the pulling of weeds now and then, until harvest time. Many residents still living in the Cove helped to harvest when the grain was cut with the cradle. And how some of those men could cradle! Swish, swish! All day long. At each stroke a wide swath fell and lay the length of the field in rows as straight as a plumb line. The stubble, too, was cut almost as evenly as the present day machine can do it. Binders followed the cradler,

who raked a sheaf together and bound it with a wisp of rye straw, all in the twinkling of an eye.

Old Time Cradlers

It would be interesting to compile a list of those old-time cradlers. Their name would be legion, because in those days the workingmen took great pride in doing the job at hand with all the skill they could muster. It was their nearest approach to fame, perhaps, to gain a name at doing some particular kind of thing expertly and speedily.

Joseph Crissman, of Martinsburg, recalls the accomplishment of the late Jerry Brown as a cradler. A short man, he did not need to stoop to any great degree. In addition to this natural advantage, he had the knack of cutting a wider swath than any one else. He could keep two binders who followed him up working at top speed. Mr. Crissman also remembers Charley Smaltz, who was a good cradler, in spite of the fact that he had only one arm. Doubtless each one who reads these lines, will call to mind some one else who could accomplish wonders with the cradle.

Before the invention of the threshing machine, the grain was flailed out. On the barn floor if there was one. On a bed of clay tamped as hard as stone in case there was no barn floor. But as America got the itch for perfecting labor-saving machinery, a succession of improved threshers made their appearance, ranging from the horse-tread power, the "coffee grinder" to the revolving horse power." At first there was no winnowing apparatus attached. Among the laborers were included "shakers", who shook the straw from the grain as it fell from the machine.

"All-fired Smart"

If it had been possible to have a display of the successive contrivances which mark the different stages in the evolution of modern farming implements, at the Centennial celebration in Martinsburg, it would have been an education. In fact, our young sophisticates likely would have had many a good laugh at the array. But in the old days as each improvement made its advent, there was always some old wiseacre to shake his head in disapproval, declaring that now the end of the world was nigh at hand. Man was becoming so "all-fired smart" that the good Lord simply would not permit him to look further into the divine prerogatives. If there is anything left in the mouldering old graves that house the mortal remains of those old conservatives, there must be something of an upheaval every time an airplane roars overhead.

At length, they put the revolving horsepower "thresher" into use. This machine had four arms or shafts radiating from the horse power in the center. Either one or two horses were hitched to each arm. The driver stood on a platform which encompassed the horse power. With lash in hand, he drove the horses. Around and around, for days at a time, those beasts traveled without ever getting anywhere. A tumbling shaft ran from the power to the machine on the same principle as that governing the cutting knife on a mower. It served as a beater. Numbers of persons familiar with this old type machine obligingly have gone into detail in describing the machine to the present writer. But talk of bevel wheel, cogs, fly wheel, belts and cylinder are

just so many words to a mind whose ignorance of those things is bliss.

At any rate, the first essential to threshing by this method was a good driver. The horses had to be driven in their endless circle as steadily as clock work. Once in a while they became fractious. When that happened the driver played tag with death. Instances are known in the Cove of hair breadth escapes. Jerry Hoover, of Henrietta, recalls hearing his father, the late Isaac Hoover, tell of a man who saved his life only because he had the strength to hold on to the under part of the platform until the horses were controlled.

Elder J. B. Miller remembers well the tragedy which befell Samuel Byers sixty-five years ago. Samuel who was 15 years old, was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Byers, well-to-do residents of Potter Creek at that time. The Byers farm was one of the largest and most productive in the Cove section. Mr. Byers was having his threshing done at the time referred to. Sammy, because of his skill, was chosen to drive the horses hitched to the machine.

All went well until the horses suddenly got out of control and started to run away, dragging the thresher with them. Plunging and pulling in all directions, Sammy was crushed in the machinery, death being instantaneous. The father without thought of himself jumped from the overden, where he was forking sheaves, to the barn floor, never checking his headlong flight to save his son. While he never complained of injury sustained in that terrible jump, his health seemed to break, and he died a year following Sammy's death. It was said by everybody that he died of grief.

The mother was on her way home from a shopping trip to Woodbury when she saw a rider approaching at top speed. Sensing that he was a messenger of trouble, before he could say a word, she cried out "Something has happened to Sammy. Is he dead?" The unfortunate woman collapsed. But later on, she was able to reconcile herself to her loss and she survived her son and husband by a number of years.

The history of the Cove contains many similar episodes, the melancholy toll demanded as a sacrifice in man's conflict to subdue the forces of nature.

HERALDINGS

An excuse for not doing something we do not wish to do is generally forthcoming.

"My face is my fortune, Sir" she said, and he cruelly replied, "Have you started bankrupt proceedings yet?"

Possibly times like these are needed to teach us some things we should have known.

If money is the only thing we can see while we are here, there will be few tears shed at our departure.

I still believe that most people would rather have work than to accept charity.

A thought continually held in the mind will eventually bear some kind of fruit.

A great many of us will no doubt some day wish for some of the leisure we are having now, and which we fail to make good use of.

It takes courage and strength to go against the current either in a river or in everyday life.

STINK CHEESE AND SOFT SOAP

Mary Elizabeth Albright, who furnished the material for this sketch, was not permitted to read the article in print. She died on June 12, aged 84, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. William Smith of Curryville, just a few weeks before the article appeared in *The Herald*. The reader in perusing this sketch should keep in mind that it was written while the aged woman was still alive.

O, for the joys of yesteryear! How often we hear the plaint voiced that the things of the past were so much better than those of today. Ye olden times envelop with glamour that which has gone beyond the ken of the present generation.

To prove it, there are stink cheese and soft soap!

We use them in the same category because both are lost arts, locked in the almost forgotten lore of the past. Stink cheese does not sound euphonious, but by any other name the flavor would be equally as enticing, as only the very oldest of our Morrisons Cove residents can testify.

Aunt Lizzie Remembers

Aunt Lizzie Albright, who lives near Page Station, a mile or more west of Henrietta, often made this Pennsylvania Dutch delicacy in her early life.

Aunt Lizzie was 84 years old on May 19, 1932. She tells that in her young womanhood, she marveled at the great age of her grandfather, who attained to 82 years.

To the slowly fleeting time of

youth, this seemed a record for longevity, which she had no slightest intimation that she herself could ever surpass. But here she is at 84, looking back with lively interest on a lifetime, which has not seemed so very long after all.

She does not mourn the passing of the old order, but rather looks on each of the myriad changes the mounting years have rung in, as an improvement on contemporaneous conditions.

When she tells of making tallow candles, leaching lye from wood ashes, and making cake batter without baking soda or powder, it seems like a page from ancient history.

Those were Christmases without any Santa Claus. Fairy stories and Christmas myths smacked of paganism and their practice bred lies. Chocolates were undiscovered and ice cream Sundaes would have connoted something with a religious significance.

Candy, given as a reward to good little girls and boys, consisted of striped sticks, or peppermint or tea-berry "lozengers," and not many of those. What we now accept as daily necessities, were luxuries then.

Wishes She Had Some Now

"Stink Cheese! To be sure I made stink cheese," said Aunt Lizzie laughingly, "and I wish I had some right now. It tasted a whole lot better than it sounds."

Now, here is the recipe, or would it be more exact to use the time-honored "receipt"?

Scald thick milk until it curds. Drain off the whey. Put curds in a

stone crock and set in a warm place to ripen. To hasten this process, as well as to improve the flavor, wrap the crock in a feather bed. Feather bed? Is that a new one to Miss Up-to-date?

A feather bed was a bed cover made of a bed-size sack filled with goose feathers. And did it keep you warm on zero nights? When you took off your shoes by the fire place, winter nights and scuttled up the outside stairway to the loft that was not only heatless, but admitted a filter of snow through the chinks between the logs, that old feather bed was a haven of comfort when you snuggled down into its depths.

While there were many fine old colonial mansions scattered throughout the Cove a hundred years ago, and the majority of the people were comfortably housed, yet there were numerous families that lived in log cabins a story and a half high. The only access to the loft above was by means of an outside ladder or flight of steps. That explains the why of the feather bed.

Sure to Stick to the Ribs

To return to our stink cheese. When it looks nice and stringy, it is adjudged ready for use. It is prepared for the table by being seasoned and fried in butter. Yum, yum! It was a favorite concoction in those days. Good and nutritious, it was a dish guaranteed to stick to the ribs.

Next on the list is soft soap. Not sweet palaver, mind you, but a cleaning agent.

First we make the lye. There were no commercial lyes then. We pack straw in a cask or half-barrel which is set on a bench or stool. A spout is inserted in one side at the bottom.

We fill the barrel with wood ashes. Pour water over the ashes from time to time to keep them saturated. In the course of a few weeks a considerable quantity has dripped from the spout into the vessel set under it to catch the lye.

Speckswartz's (bacon and ham rinds) and "dirty" lard, meaning grease not considered fit for cooking purposes, are boiled in a kettle over an open fire. The lye is added as needed, and behold we have soft soap. Yellow and runny, it is strong enough to cut dirt and fast colors, equally well. In fact, Aunt Lizzie declares it to be an unfailing remedy for ivy poisoning, also.

How Candles Were Made

Possibly a more enjoyable employment was candle making. The candle mould contained either six or eight cylinders. Wicks were drawn through each one and fastened to a stick at the top and bottom.

The trick in it was to have the wick in the exact center. Melted tallow was poured into each mould, after which it was hung to a tree to congeal. When sufficiently hardened, out came the candles, smooth, hard and white as snow.

In those days physicians resorted to bleeding and cupping as efficacious remedies in many diseases. The latter method was nearly as severe as the disease it was supposed to cure.

When a tiny girl, Aunt Lizzie remembers an instance when her father was cupped. Thereafter she begged frequently to have some member of the family take her to the sick room to let her see the "posies" on her father's body.

Wall paper then was imported. It was so expensive that only the very

wealthy could afford it. For the most part, the walls of the houses were witewashed and the bare floors were scrubbed.

Woe betide the housekeeper or her daughters who were unable to white-wash without streaks. That was to lose caste. Walls and ceilings pre-

sented a surface of flawless whiteness, and floors were scrubbed with sand until they were white as bone.

What a good, clean smell! No wonder the pioneer housekeepers had a reputation for perfect cleanliness. Good, old back-breaking toilsome days, they were, and no mistake.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL

"Baa, baa, Black Sheep, have you any wool?" You remember how the nursery rhyme goes. One bagful for the master, one for the dame and one for the little boy that lives down the lane.

In the early days of the Cove, black sheep and whole flocks of his relations, black and white, were an essential factor in the local scheme of economy. The reign of King Cotton had not been ushered in. Cove residents were wholly dependent on flax and wool for their clothing, domesticities and, in fact, every kind of fabric used.

Did Mary Ann want a new dress, Father sheared a sheep and in course of time Daughter spun and wove the cloth, cut off 10 or 15 yards of it, and made the dress, the skirt of which had a sweep in circumference of a mere matter of 8 or 10 yards or so. Indeed it required an ample width of skirt to cover the 6 or 8 petticoats underneath. Summertime, she used flax instead of wool. But the process of evolving a garment was just the same.

Cupid Kept One Eye Open

Something else you may bank on as being authentic, was the fact that

if Susan Jane or Betsy was too dilatory to learn to spin, knit and weave, not to mention sewing and cooking, her chance of catching a husband, simply was nil. Cupid in those days had one eye open, at least far enough to observe Lady Fair's fitness as a helpmate. Lazy Jane was passed up as an also ran.

Yes, it is true that a hundred years ago, every farm in the Cove was a manufacturing plant. One wonders how the people, sans electricity, sans steam, sans almost everything mechanical, possibly could do so much. Nearly every article they used had to be made laboriously by hand from the raw products grown on their own land. But when you consider the size of the families then, a ray of light breaks through. When Father cast a cursory glance around the table to see that his progeny all were present at meal time, a line-up of 12 or 15 children was nothing unusual.

Home duties were divided among them. Each had certain tasks which they not only were told to do, but which perforce, they performed without undue delay. Sally and Peggy cooked and washed dishes. They also

scoured the stove hearth and the cooking utensils until they shone as a mirror. Babby and Nancy spun, knitted, sewed, and most likely wove. Katie and Becky scrubbed, did the family washing and milked the cows. Mattie minded the babies and Sissie did the chores. John, Henry, Sam, Bill and Jim, similarly, were delegated the work appertaining to the barn and the farm.

Was Not All Hard Work

At that, life was not all hard work. There were times of relaxation. Every once in a while social life was catered to by means of log-rolling and burnings schnitzings, corn huskings, and at rare intervals, a hoe-down; although the dance was frowned upon as being an enticement of the devil, which none could engage in, without putting himself in imminent danger of barrage of brimstone. But that is a story in itself, which will be told later on. We shall endeavor now to go into the intricacies of spinning.

"Can you spin?" the writer asked Mrs. David R. Snyder, of Curryville. Quick to retort, she countered with the challenge, "Show me a spinning wheel." She stated that she had spun so much in her girlhood days that eventually she went through the motions automatically. Her thoughts could wander far afield with no check upon them occasioned by attention to her muscular activity. But she continued, those were long, wearying days; unending hours of monotonous muscular repetition taxed the spinner's stamina to the limit. It was what the modern young lady would term an endurance test.

To attempt to describe the technique of spinning is beyond this writ-

er's ability, although she has seen it done. It is a wonderfully fascinating thing to watch. The hum of the big wheel as it whirls to the tread of the operator's foot, so fast as to lose its form in a blur of rapid motion; the mad rotation of the spindles, which to a little girl's eyes, became fatter and fatter as they bulged with the yarn wound around them, all this, somehow, savored of magic.

Combed By Hand

It is understood, of course, that when wool was spun, it too was subjected to a preliminary process of combing. This was done with a hand hackle. Nowadays the carding or combing is done mechanically in woolen mills. That it once was one of the manifold home industries carried on in the Cove, should be interesting. We are so accustomed to have much of our work done by pressing a button, that we lose sight of the fact that the self-same-work a hundred years ago and less, was done patiently and meticulously by hand.

Rolled into cylinders, the spinner held a roll of wool or flax, as the case might be, in her lap and fed a continuous and even stream of it into the "innards", so to speak, of the spinning wheel. What the mechanics of the operation were that transmuted the loose fibres into thread or yarn, remains an impenetrable mystery to the writer even after being helped out by Mrs. Snyder's very clear explanation.

The art of the process lay in the absolute steadiness required both in feeding the fibres to the machine and in pushing the treadle. A jerk meant a broken thread; a split second of confused motion, a knot. Unreliable nerves on the part of the operator,

were fatal to proficiency. As Mrs. Snyder said, "You had to be as steady as a rock." One begins to see that spinning in practice is not half so romantic as it appears in theory.

Following the spinning, the yarn was reeled into skeins. If it was designed for colored cloth, the skeins were dipped into dyes and hung on

the line to dry. Following which it was ready for the next stage of its evolution into a garment, coverlet or a piece of carpet. The final step was its introduction to the loom, which a hundred years ago was a necessary adjunct to many of the households of the Cove.

THE MAKING OF FINE LINEN

"Do I remember anything about flax growing in the Cove? I should say I do." With a gleeful chuckle, David R. Snyder, of Curryville, launched into reminiscences of boyhood days, when the work incident to the cultivation, harvesting and preparation of flax into fibre for spinning into yarn and weaving into cloth, was one of the most exacting and arduous duties performed on farms in the Morrisons Cove section.

Mr. Snyder, who is in his 82nd year, is blest with a marvelously clear memory, which, in conjunction with the knack of telling a story well, makes his recollections of old times absorbingly interesting. He is a son of the late Simon Snyder, whom the older residents of the Cove will call to mind as an outstanding farmer and promoter of religious work. He was born and reared on the former David F. Smith farm near Curryville, now the property of I. N. Keith.

A year or two following his marriage to Rosanne Ebersole, which took place 58 years ago, he and his bride established their home in the west. They settled in Iowa where they lived for a period of 10 years

after which they located in the western part of Nebraska. There they staked claims and by their almost unaided efforts, brought several hundred acres of wild land under profitable cultivation. On retiring from farming, they returned to Curryville where they now reside.

No Union Hours Then

While listening to Mr. Snyder tell of his experiences with flax-breaking and the other operations incident to separating the flax fibre from the husk and the core, it was evident by the sparkle in his eye and the gusto with which he related those long-ago happenings, that he looks back on those times with keen enjoyment. However, the listener gains an impression of relentless toil. No union hours were observed then nor was a five-day week so much as imagined.

The constant effort to wrest from the soil the basic necessities of food, shelter and clothing was so pitiless that childhood had of necessity to be cut short, since the help of the children to assist with the tasks in the home, was enlisted almost as soon as they had graduated from the cradle. Surely those pioneer farmers were

sturdy stock. In spite of the hard work endured virtually all his life, here is Mr. Snyder enjoying fairly good health at 81 plus, and other residents of the Cove, who underwent similar hardships, are living, who are as old as he is. Looks like an example of the survival of the fittest.

To the present generation, the time when flax growing was a leading industry in this valley, seems to be remote history. They never saw a flax plant. And as to the tedious process of reducing it to fibre and subsequently weaving the uninteresting stuff into fine linens, that seems to be something that must have taken place in some other country. The Cove now is so exclusively a dairy section, that the blue-flowering fields of flax which once dotted the landscape, are as tales that long since have been told.

Planted Early in Spring

To go back to the flax. Mr. Snyder stated that the seed was broadcast by hand over the prepared soil as soon in the spring as the farmers could get it ready. About three bushels to the acre was the usual allotment. It was carefully harrowed in, and during the growing season, it was supposed to be kept free of weeds. However, at that time weeds were not so plentiful, as the most prolific of the pests have since been introduced through imported clover seed and other mediums.

Mr Snyder says that when harvest time came, which succeeded the wheat harvest by a couple of weeks, the flax plants were pulled up by the roots. Field after field of them had to be thus tediously gathered in. What a pity there was not a colonial Millet to translate this American ver-

sion of "The Gleaners" on to canvas.

Tied into bundles, root ends turned the same way, the flax was laid across a sort of carpenter's trestle and was whipped free of seeds. Following that, it was laid in windrows in the field for the purpose of retting, or partial decay of the sheath of the stem. When rain, sun and dew had done their work on the exposed side, a man came along with a pole which he inserted under the flax and carefully turned the other side up.

Retting completed, it was allowed to dry thoroughly before the next step the breaking, was undertaken. This process was deferred to the late fall and winter, the time when the uninitiated assume that the farmer props up his feet at ease and roasts his shins by the fire. If the flax was discovered to be dried insufficiently, it was spread out over trestles or boards and was dried before open fires.

It was now ready to be subjected to the more or less tender mercies of the breaking rack. This was an instrument of torture made of two bars or boards of wood hinged together, and set at either end with blades of iron. Either four or five blades were used. If four were set in the upper bar, there were five in the lower, or vice versa. The blades were horizontal in the upper bar and vertical in the lower. The flax was thrust between the blades with one hand while the other worked the upper bar up and down. Up and down, up and down, monotonously hour after hour!

The next process was scutching. Small bunches or sheaves of the flax were held across an upright wooden

post in such a way that the ends drooped over the edge. Then it was struck repeatedly with a long wooden knife, known as the scutching knife. This was done to free the fibre of the "bark and the heart" as Mr. Snyder humorously dubbed the sheath and the core, these being waste materials, "And", continued Mr. Snyder, "when you struck your thumb, why that went with the scutching. But how it hurt. I can feel it tingle yet."

Scutched, it was then put through the hackle, an implement which resembled a huge comb, with teeth, three or four inches in length, which were graduated at different distances apart, from coarse to fine spaces. Starting at the coarse end, the flax was pulled through, time and time again, in order to scrape off the thicker strands. These formed the tow, an inferior quality used for making stout hickory, or work "pants" and also sacks, similar to the present day burlap. The finely combed fibres which withstood the gruelling through the fine teeth, formed the first quality, which was used for thread and the finer linen, or linsy, as it was familiarly called.

Women Took Up Task

When the hackling was completed, the men heaved a sigh of relief, because, unless they were weavers by profession, the women did the work from this point on. The slogan "Let the women do the work," must have had a real significance in those days. There remained the spinning, reeling and weaving, which were some "stunts", as any one can plainly see.

On making inquiry, the writer discovered that a hackle now is almost an unknown quantity in Blair county. The only one known to be in

existence is in possession of the Blair County Historical Society, and is on exhibition among the relics on view at the Baker Mansion at Alleghany Furnace.

Another important side issue of the flax industry was the manufacture of linseed oil from the seeds. It is a fact little known, that there were mills in the Cove operated for the purpose of extracting the oil from the seed. Two of these mills were located in the Plum Creek district. One of them, according to tradition in the family of George Snowberger, prominent farmer of that section, was burned some 80 years ago. The other known as the Rice mill, remained in existence until a few years ago. However it had been remodeled a long time ago to serve as a grist mill.

And so ends the saga of the flax.

HERALDINGS

If someone smiled,
Or a kind word said,
And it cheered your way
As you onward sped—
Then don't you think
That a debt you owe,
Kind words to speak,
Or smiles to show?

A person does not succeed because he has more time than another but because he puts it to better use.

Just as there is no human being who is wholly good, so it is also hard to imagine one who is wholly bad.

Don't allow your hobby to interfere with your real work.

When you do not know which way to turn, turn to prayer.

WHEN PAP WENT TO MARKET

"Du Lieber! Pap is going to Baltimore. Now, it gives a good time once."

The old saying that when the cat's away the mice do play, was thoroughly exemplified by the children in the family on those eventful occasions long ago when it was customary for the head of the house to do his marketing in Baltimore. "Head of the house", was a literal description then. The father was he, who must be obeyed.

He took Solomon's injunction to spoil the child by sparing the rod, soberly to heart and acted it out thoroughly when his iron-clad discipline was broken. Strange to say that did not happen often. The household was run on feudal principles. Violation of the law of the feudal lord was wont to be dealt with summarily. This being the unvarying rule, violations were few and far between.

Many of the Morrisons Cove farmers in the past found it profitable to sell their produce in one of the nearest seaport cities, either Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Old Wagon on Display

Sometimes several neighbors would join in one of these expeditions. They made the trip in huge, cumbersome wagons, one of which was put on display during the Centennial celebration at Martinsburg by Frank Brumbaugh of the New Enterprise district. No doubt this old vehicle was the center of lively interest.

After seeing it, one can imagine one of those old timers setting forth on a marketing trek that will take all

of a week for a round trip. For instance we will picture Isaac Burget, great-grandfather of the present writer, starting out on a late summer day long before sun-up. He lived on the farm now owned and occupied by his grandson, Jerry Hoover near Henrietta.

There is much hustle and bustle to do last minute errands by the light of tallow candles, fat lamps and lanterns which disperse feeble rays through holes pierced in their metal sides. Breakfast hastily eaten and parting reminders of shopping commissions acknowledged, Mr. Burget climbs into the high seat, tugs on the lines, tchicks to the eight horses which furnish the motive power and away he goes toward the southern heart of the encircling ranges of the Alleghenies.

Tar bucket dangling, lock chains in readiness to brake down grade and feed trough fastened on behind, everything is in place and the wagon creaks on its way. Creaks? Rather. It transports a load of one hundred bushels of flour.

Eight Horses Needed

The wagon itself is so heavy it is a good load for two horses to pull. It is easy to see those sturdy beasts, even though there are eight of them, are going to pull, valiantly when they scale the long, steep slope of old Tuscarora.

And the roads. Happily their like are passing from the memory of man. Rutted, rough and stony. The rocky road to Dublin has nothing on them. Toll gates every few miles demand payment of a fee for the up-keep of

these rugged trails, but even so, surface would give any present day driver a well defined case of "liver grownness".

The steady tramp of the horses goes on almost uninterrupted for three days, the route being by way of McConnellsburg, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, Hagerstown and other towns along the old Pittsburgh and Washington turnpike.

To change the scene back to the Burget home, we find that the nine daughters in the family are having a hilarious time. The two sons are not much concerned with their sisters' ideas of fun. They are more interested in trapping muskrats along the stream that flows through the meadow. The girls stage a game of jumping across the broomstick. The last one across will be an old maid.

This is indeed a terrible fate. A girl who fails to catch a man is doomed to a soured existence, the unwilling beneficiary of the bounty of relatives. She not only labors under the odium of lacking the charm and appeal that attracts a man to the point of proposing, but she is denied a career. A kitchen drudge or seamstress is all the choice she has. Naturally none of the girls courted a fate like that.

Old Clock Upset

They all tried to jump at the same time, with the result that they upset the handsome old clock which stood in a commanding position in the wide hall at the front of the house. This disaster put a sudden stop to the merriment. Frightened almost out of their wits, the girls ran to their mother, begging that she would somehow, out of the boundless wisdom mothers have, devise a way to ward

off the inevitable punishment that awaited them on "Pap's" return.

Mother refused to promise her offices as mediator. Then ensued the most miserable week those girls ever experienced. On tip-toe with suspense, they dreaded the time of Mr. Burget's home coming, a time that heretofore was anticipated with the happiest feelings, engendered by thought of the wondrous "store goods" and the little presents he would bring them.

At last the day of reckoning arrived. But miraculously no punishment was meted out. Mrs. Burget had some ready explanation to account for the accident which befell the clock. What it was they never knew. And whether their father really believed it, remained a matter of doubt. But he never referred to the subject, and that was such a relief to the perpetrators, they were only too glad to hold their tongues.

"Store goods" in those days of homemade brands were held in the same esteem as early American antiques are today. Values in excess of their real worth when compared to the articles turned out in the home, were placed on goods sold in the sea ports. This likely was due to the human tendency to put a high price on that which is rare. Since its scarcity puts it beyond the reach of the common herd, its desirability thereby is greatly increased.

Sugar, coffee and tobacco likely were the staples among the store goods. But in addition there must have been porcelain and china table ware, cutlery, cooking utensils, glass ware, candle sticks, shawls, bonnets,

ribbons, fine shirts and broadcloth among the goods stored away in the

capacious maw of that hugh wagon bed on the trip back from Baltimore.

HORSE SERVED PIONEERS WELL

"What d'ye think, Bill, is that metal contraption the master got yesterday going to put you and me out of business?" Old Dick nosed over the side of the manger anxiously to put the question to his faithful team mate.

"I fear the worst," sighed Bill as he languidly flicked an ear at a fly that persisted in alighting on a tender spot.

"The young master, just home from college, you know, said as he drove that shining, sputtering thing into the shed:

"Well, Dad, here's the new car, eh! Beaut, isn't she? Thirty horse power and geared to do 60 an hour easily. Marks the passing of the old grey mare, all right. No more stoved-up, snail-gaited horses for me. Goodby, old Bill, goodbye old Dick. You're passing out of the picture for good."

"Human ingratitude. It rides rough shod over the tenderest emotions. Loyalty goes by the board; faithful service counts for naught; comradeship is forgotten. Since before the dawn of history the horse has been man's tireless servant, his beast of burden; his fearless charger in battle; his fleet messenger; his chief aid in promoting civilization.

"But now a thing of iron, without heart, sense or life blood is going to shove us on to the scrap heap. We are a long way from the Golden Age when the king shouted, 'My kingdom

for a horse!" Yes, it sounds like old Dobbin's swan song. So, Bill, here's where we get ready for the soap factory."

The horse has played an important part in Morrisons Cove history. He not only was the chief servant on the farm but he was the main reliance for transportation. And as a fancy side issue, he was the steed when our forefathers were bent on pleasure. Everyone could ride. And poor, indeed, was the family that did not boast of at least one riding horse.

A friendly rivalry was waged, too, to sport the finest saddle. Artistic handwork on beautifully tanned and finished leather made the saddle a valuable and highly prized possession. The side saddles used by the ladies were particularly ornate. So well were they made, that they were handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

When the young people of the community planned an especially appealing diversion, the votes were cast in favor of a horse back riding jaunt. Large parties of happy young men and women would set out together for miles of delightful travel to some wooded picnic grounds.

What care-free gayety marked this most royal of sports! Clopity-clopity-clop! They cantered along through tree-lined highways, past smiling fields and comfortable homes and through stretches of virgin timber

lands; the invigorating exercise racing the blood and stimulating the spirits to a high pitch of enjoyment.

Romance and pleasure rode side by side in this happy cavalcade. Every John had his Mary, and instead of drawing off into the aloofness of a twosome or some little clique of selected initiates, the crowd was animated by a general spirit of sociability and camaraderie.

Tow-headed John Henry, swinging on the gate, watches them clatter by with envious eyes. It seems so far, far off, that halcyon time when he'll be grown up and will have the golden privilege of riding in a like winged company.

Farther down the road, Nancy Ann with flaxen braids dangling down her shoulders, peeps through the white-washed palings of her home door yard. She feasts her eyes on the ladies in their dark habits with trailing skirts almost sweeping the ground, and she too, feels the one thing that makes the tedium of childhood endurable, is the thought that some day she will be a young lady flaunting a long skirt from some enchanted steed.

When the picnic grounds were reached and the baskets which had been sent in advance in a prosaic Dearborn wagon, were spread for the repast, appetite waited not for decorum nor style. Those riders fell to and ate like the tried and true trenchermen they were.

The automobile has the horse licked for speed, but whether it yields a greater amount of enjoyment, other than eating up space, is a moot question. There is something to be said for moonlight and a horse and buggy. Sounds much more poetical than

moonshine and a motor vehicle. But much more can be said for the simple joys and the simple life of the generations that have preceded us in old Morrisons Cove.

On sober thought, we may not have so much about which to throw our chests out after all.

TOMORROW

By F. C. Dodson

Tomorrow we'll visit folks we should,
They'll be glad to have us there;
Perhaps they're lonely, perchance
they're ill,

And think that we do not care.
That resolve is good if carried out,
But what will our own hearts say,
If tomorrow should prove to be too
late

And we might have gone today.

Tomorrow we'll do a kindly deed
That we've thought of oft before,
And prove to a friend the love we
have

For him thus had in store.
Better tomorrow than not at all,
If our bidding time will stay.
Often a day will a diff'rence make,
When we might have done today.

Tomorrow we'll speak the praise we
feel,

For we know it's surely due
That we tell how we appreciate
That love and that kindness, too.
Those ears will be deaf to what we
say,

And their eyes unseeing wait,
If we could have said those words
today,

And tomorrow should be too late.

WAITED FOR "RIGHT SIGN"

Did you ever have your onions persist in growing on top of the ground?

In spite of all your efforts to hoe earth up around them, they would shove through and develop a case of sun tan.

Know why? You planted them in the up sign.

Maybe you put a thick juicy slab of pork steak in the skillet to fry, and when the time comes to serve it, that Goliath steak has shrunk to Tom Thumb proportions. A few minutes on the fire has worked a problem of quick reduction.

Well, it's the moon again. You butchered in the wrong sign. Waterman, fish or something, when you should have ascertained that the lion, the bull or some other solid sign, ruled the zodiac.

Lose Faith In Signs

Signs play such a minor part in the Morrisons Cove farmer's scheme of things, now-a-days that the present generation scarcely can realize that in the olden times everything was done by rule of propitious signs.

They planted by the calendar and reaped by moon phases. The wonder is that the signs never seemed to fail.

Folklore tried and true. This was a system, call it superstition, astrology or what not, that had its roots in human consciousness as far back as the time when the first Egyptian priest, studying the sky from the parapet of some pagan temple, groped for the answer to the riddle of the relationship which perforce must exist between the earth and the stars of the firmament.

The gods of the heavens ruled the

earth. Therefore the eyes of the sky must exercise a potent influence on this planet. These beliefs persisted through different forms of religious practice until eventually they were incorporated into the Christian religion.

In all likelihood transplanted from the valley the Nile, they were fostered in the mother countries of Europe from which they were brought to America, where materialism has given them but scanty soil.

Years ago, to sew on Ascension day was a challenge to lightning to strike you. The story goes that a long time ago when Grandmammy Hainley was a girl, this contention was most dramatically substantiated. Mrs. Hainley was a resident of the East Sharpsburg district. She was a lovely vivacious old lady whose stories of the past were intensely interesting to her younger neighbors. The older residents of that section will remember her well.

In her girlhood, she often related, Ascension Day was observed so rigidly that no work was done that was not absolutely necessary. Especially sewing and working in the ground were taboo. It was customary for the people of the community, particularly the young folks, to gather together at some home in the neighborhood to picnic or have a social time on this day.

On the particular occasion Grandmammy Hainley was wont to tell about, a crowd had assembled in her grandfather's barn. A severe thunder gust came up. Lightning zipped and cracked menacingly near.

The picknickers were thoroughly frightened.

Mr. Hainley called out in alarm "Has any one here done any sewing today?"

"Yes, I made an apron this morning," replied one of the girls.

"Take it off right away," commanded the old gentleman, "or we'll all be killed."

Apron Is Destroyed

The girl complied with alacrity. Taking the offending garment, one of the boys present rolled it in a ball and threw it as far from the barn as he could. No sooner had it touched the ground than a bolt of lightning, like crack of doom, struck it, destroying all vestiges of it before the startled beholders could catch their breath.

Here are some further signs that used to govern the planting schedules of Cove farmers. Vines should be planted in the up sign; potatoes, parsnips and turnips in the down.

But beware of getting them into the ground in the sign of the crab, else they will grow "rooty." That is, the strength of the plant will go into the development of masses of fibre-like roots instead of flesh.

Plant grain and seeds of any kind in the new moon or just before full moon to insure greatest productivity. Beans should be planted between 11 and 12 o'clock before noon.

The best time to plant flowers is in apple blossom time, also when the posey woman (Virgo) rules. Do you want quiet well behaved chicks? Then don't set the eggs in the morning. If you do those clamorous chickens will "peep" their heads off. Neither set eggs laid in May. May eggs produce weak mopy chicks.

Signs Govern Rain

Have you ever noticed that if it rains on Good Friday, rains throughout the succeeding season will not do much good, since they will run off the surface of the ground or else evaporate rapidly.

If it rains on Whitsunday, it will rain for the seven succeeding Sundays. If ember days are dry that portends dry weather. Vice versa, if it rains on the ember days, it betokens a wet spell.

We all are familiar with the tradition that if it rains when Mary goes over the mountain (supposed to represent the visit of the Virgin Mary to her cousin Elizabeth), it will be wet for forty days. Or in the event it does not rain on that day, forty days of dry weather will ensue.

The foregoing beliefs have merely tapped the vast reservoir of such lore as was practiced by our forefathers. A compilation of the whole of them would make interesting reading. But they are rapidly becoming obsolete. As our oldest residents pass away, the knowledge of this quaint folklore dies with them.

HERALDINGS

This desire to be alone may lead some of your associates to think you uncongenial and selfish, but I think you will agree that the benefits received will outweigh any losses you suffer in shallow friendships; and, anyway, there are some roads we must travel alone so far as human fellowship is concerned.

TERRORS OF SPOOK HOLLOW

Hard by the ore banks at Henrietta is Spook Hollow. The "bankers", rough and ready fistic champions that they were, afraid of nothing tangible, felt just a little dubious about passing through this reputedly haunted spot after night fall.

Long ago, so long that his name has been forgotten, tradition has it that a man was accidentally killed in this desolate place. Thereafter those endowed with the gift—if gift it were—of visualizing the supernatural, saw a ghostly team of horses and wagon race through the Hollow.

Eternally, night after night, the uneasy spirit of the hapless victim enacted the death scene, a runaway team evidently having been the instrument of destruction.

Many there were who declared that, braving the terrors of the "ha'nt", they saw the apparition of the horses and wagon boom eerily against the blackness of the night and that the rattle of the chains, creak of the wheels and the thudding of the hoofs were heard as natural as life. But (and herein lay the disquieting phenomenon) it suddenly emerged in full flight from nowhere and as suddenly as it came it snapped into nothingness again.

Brought Up On Spook Stories

Spook stories were rife among the earlier residents of the Cove. Children were brought up on them, and a diet of strong, red meat it was, too, upon which to feed the imaginations of the little folks. It is no wonder that it was a common experience to see spooks.

No doubt, many of these appearan-

ces were hallucinations inspired by fear. What terrors the night brought in its train to harass the bedside of the nervous, high-strung children, whose bed time stories consisted of tales such as these, the modern mind can scarcely conceive. Neither walls nor key were proof against such visitations. No physical barrier availed to restrain them, and terror and possibly death came hand-in-hand with them.

The present writer was told of a hair raiser that years ago sapped the life of a little girl. This was a local incident which grew to be an old wives' tale in the community.

The child slept in a room, formerly occupied by a young man who had committed suicide. Almost every night the child would shriek in stark terror that cold, death-like hands had stroked her face.

Death Caused By Fear

Eventually she sickened and died. Present day physicians would likely diagnose the case as a psychosis induced by fear. The little girl clearly was a victim of over-wrought imagination which so powerfully disordered her nervous system that eventually her health gave way.

However this is wandering far afield from Henrietta and her industrial evolution.

As was mentioned heretofore, the ore mines definitely played out in 1886. By that time Mr. Morrell was well launched in cattle raising, butter making and general farming.

That year he leased the land from the Cambria Iron Company and had tenants farm it on the share. From

these hundreds of acres the feed was grown for the keep of the milch cows and the beef cattle which were stabled in the big barn. He pursued this line of work very successfully until 1898, when he sold his holdings to the late J. E. Hagey.

End of Henrietta's Iron Age

The Morrell family removed to Hollidaysburg, taking up their residence at No. 424 Montgomery street, where Miss Nellie Morrell and her brother, Daniel Morrell, the only survivors, are living at the present time.

Mr. D. D. Morrell died in 1904. With his death the last link with Henrietta's iron age, passed away. Frank Henry and Michael Morris, respectively, pit manager and gang foreman, had moved away. David Falknor and David Wineland, who successively had conducted the boarding house, had engaged in other employments. Colonel Higgins, manager of the hotel, too, had passed away.

The once bustling hamlet was content to settle into a less lively routine. Many of the men secured jobs in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops in Altoona. Tenants on the J. E. Hagey farms were busily pursuing agriculture. Times had changed, but the families in the "red rows" and those who lived in homes their own initiative and industry had reared, were happy and prosperous.

Music In Every Home

Love of music and the ability to sing seemed to have been a heritage handed down through the generations. Nearly every home boasted a cottage organ or a piano. Study of the rudiments of music was almost a cult.

So long as Elias Glass lived, excellent instruction in choral work and

note reading was available to the young people of the community. Simple, pastoral joys; walks over the railway trestle, necessitating gallant assistance to the girls who were reduced to tremulous reluctance to assay crossing of that dizzy (?) height; lawn fetes and jolly sledding parties accompanied the round of the seasons.

And—this is a whisper for your private ear—when the old folks had relaxed their vigilance temporarily, there was an occasional hoe down or barn dance. All of which only goes to show that the youth of each generation finds its level of happiness and gayety, no matter what economic or spiritual crises may be worrying the heads of the elders.

Meeting the Evening Train

Then, when all other sources of diversion failed, there was the community gathering to meet the evening train. Come to think of it, it is only a few years since there were two evening trains. However, in the pre-automobile age, going down to the station to see the train pull in, was a big social event.

Almost everybody who was able to travel afoot, and even the halt and the lame, joined the throng that greeted the train. It was a good opportunity to exchange neighborhood news, and maybe little harmless gossip, too. And sure enough, by merely using your eyes, you found out who had been to Altoona to shop.

Yes, there was Mary Jones "with a new hat on", and sakes alive! Henry Johnson's have got city visitors. Sue Grimes had been in to see the doctor again and, what d'yu bet, that Hattie Flint hadn't been to the theatre again. Sure enough there's

Mabel and Jim back from getting their splicing papers!

Well, who would have thought then that the passenger service on the branch would dwindle down to one electro-gasoline car once a day and that the track would degenerate into a nearby first class cow path. Nowadays, if you haven't a radio, there's simply nothing to set your time piece by, sun readings having gone out of fashion.

In those times every way-side station had its complement of milk cans to ship to the city. By far the largest individual consignment was sent out from the big barn.

Back in the first decade of the century, John Diehl, veterinarian and retired farmer, now living at Curryville, farmed the tract on which the big barn is located. He, his wife and two sons, milked as high as seventy cows at a sitting. No electric milkers then, all hand work.

Milked Forty-nine Cows

On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Diehl recall while the boys, Roy and Lloyd, were ill of grippe, they alone milked forty-nine cows. They rather staged a race to see who would beat. Mr. Diehl's score counted twenty-five, his wife's twenty-four. While they did not time themselves, they were an astonishingly short while completing the task.

While the branch railway seems to have yielded its prior claim to being the chief artery of transportation, Henrietta boasts good, hard surface highways. She still is on the map, despite the witticism of a local humorist. When he put the question, "Do you know they are going to make a new map of the United States?" he answered it by saying, "Yes,

they're going to leave Henrietta out."

Henrietta's good farm land is her real treasure. When she turns over the pages of the glorious past, she has by no means written "Finis" to her future.

PATIENCE

By F. C. Dodson

To you who think your work is vain,
Your sacrifices, toil and pain;
Your burdens borne for many years,
Ungranted prayers and bitter tears.
"What is the use?" your heart's sad
cry,
'Tis then on faith we must rely.

The lily does not know, we're sure,
How we regard it white and pure;
A symbol of the just and good,
Each day it does the task it should—
Sends forth its beauty just the same,
Regardless of our praise or blame.

The rainbow's arching, varied hues,
A message brings to all who choose
To look and know that promise true
It matters not if I or you
Believe or laud its glowing beams,
Each tint and bar with glory streams.

Perhaps it's not for you to know
The full results your life shall show;
For each of us a work, a trust,
Results, reward we know are just.
Press on, each day you near the goal,
"In patience then possess your soul."

HERALDINGS

That "lame duck session" is mostly
"quack" anyway.

It hardly seems possible that a year
has passed since we fastened those
last license tags on.

IN GENERAL LEE'S SADDLE

A mounted skeleton of a horse stands in a place of honor in the museum of Washington and Lee university at Lexington, Va.

It is the object of veneration to thousands of visitors who come to this institution of learning yearly for the sole purpose of looking upon these bones, as well as upon a couple sparse tufts of dark hair which had in life adorned the mane and tail of the horse.

For the horse was Traveller, the iron-gray charger which carried General Robert E. Lee through the brilliant military campaigns of the Civil war. General Lee, gallant gentleman, exemplar of Southern chivalry and strategist whose skill is conceded to have been on a plane with that of Napoleon or Marlborough, once summarized when pressed to give a description of his faithful equine servant:

"I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in autumn of 1860 and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock.

Through Battle Fire

"From the commencement of the campaign in 1864, at Orange till its close, the saddle was scarcely off his back. He passed through the fire

of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and across the James River. He was almost a daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the line of defense from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of Appomattox.

In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my retirement."

Yes, from the day General Lee made his reluctant decision to cast his lot with the Confederacy because as he said, "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of an American Citizen, I have not been able to raise my hand against my relatives and children, my home," through conquest and defeat to that fateful hour at Appomattox when he yielded his sword to General U. S. Grant, Traveller was his pal and willing servant.

Following that, he bore the general back home, or rather to the new home the family contrived, since the Federal government had confiscated much of the vast Lee-Custis domain including their beautiful home at Arlington.

Followed Master to Grave

And when the Conqueror Death claimed General Lee as a vassal, Oct. 12, 1870, Traveller, with bowed head and dejected mien, followed his master's funeral carriage to the grave. The poor, dumb brute gave such a spectacle of mourning, that the sight brimmed with tears the eyes of the beholders. The horse died during the summer of 1872.

A Yankee carpenter from Martinsburg rode to town on Gen. Lee's saddle in 1875. The worn, dilapidated saddle which accoutred Traveler and on which the Confederate general rode throughout the Civil War. The man was David M. Burket, aged 84, retired carpenter and farmer, who resides next door to the Postoffice building in Martinsburg.

How did it happen? Well, it was on account of the depression. Only this was the historical post-Civil War panic of the 1870's. Mr. Burket, then a contractor in Altoona, was pretty hard hit by the slump.

On the suggestion of Harry Bell, who was a well known merchant of Altoona, Mr. Burket set out for Virginia to put up buildings on Mr. Bell's newly acquired farm on the James River. The Altoona merchant had bought 400 acres from Captain Robert E. Lee, son and namesake of General Robert E. Lee.

Belonged to Washington's Wife

The Lee lands which prior to the Civil War comprised several thousands acres were an inheritance from Martha Washington wife of the immortal Father of his Country.

When George Washington led the fair Widow Custis to the altar, she brought a vast dowry of Virginia land, among which were included the White House, Arlington, Woodlawn and Audley tracts. It is from this White House, residence of Mrs. Custis, that tradition claims the presidential mansion at Washington derived its name.

At any rate when Cupid directed his darts to the heart of Washington, the fact that the winsome Martha's hand was endowed with the riches of her first husband, Daniel Parke

Custis, in no wise detracted from her manifold charms, for the general had a good eye for real estate.

At any rate, General Robert E. Lee had the good fortune to love and wed Martha Washington's great granddaughter, Mary Ann Randolph Custis. Through her Captain Lee had title to a considerable estate in the vicinity of West Point, Va., which lies some 30 miles east of Richmond on the James River. It was a part of this land that Harry Bell had bought.

Repaired Lee Mansion

Mr. Burket located in Virginia in 1874, remaining there for a period of two years. Following the completion of the building contract with Mr. Bell, he was employed by Captain Lee to put up a barn and to repair the mansion house and other buildings. Having an errand in the town of West Point, Captain Lee offered Mr. Burket the use of one of the riding horses, a string of which was maintained in the plantation stables.

Looking about for a suitable saddle, Captain Lee took down his father's saddle off the peg on which it was accustomed to hang, with the remark:

"Here is my father's saddle, the one on which he rode all through the War. Will it be good enough?"

"I shall consider it a great honor, Captain Lee", answered Mr. Burket.

That is how it came about that Mr. Burket jogged to town astride the war worn saddle of General Robert E. Lee.

While animosity fomented by the war ran high because of aggravation induced by the harshness of reconstruction measures and by the carpet

bagger politicians whose sale motive was greed and petty revenge, yet the Southerners treated Mr. Burket with unaffected friendliness.

Treated With Friendliness

Never in his presence was the "late unpleasantness" referred to. In fact their consideration in this respect was sometimes amusing. On several occasions, when he opened the door and was about to step into the general store at West Point, he overheard the proprietor give a warning Sh-h-h! Indicating that the topic under discussion was one not meant for the new comer's ears.

Instantly the loafers at the store were silenced and greetings were called out in token of good will. During Mr. Burket's entire sojourn in Virginia only such subjects were discussed in his presence as would be agreeable to this representative of their conquerors.

Of course, we must admit that this chivalrous conduct was dictated largely by his own good sense, kindness and innate courtesy. Good-natured to a degree, reliable and industrious, Mr. Burket has made it a point during his life to attend strictly to his own affairs.

While the Civil war had largely dissipated the fortune which once had been Martha Washington's, yet the Lees maintained a scale of living in keeping with that set of the cavaliers and other noble refugees who fled to America when Cromwell and the Roundheads executed King Charles I of England.

At the time of Mr. Burket's sojourn on the Captain Robert E. Lee estate, the owner, whose wife had died in 1872 following a year of

married life, spent most of his time abroad. But the large corps of Negro servants kept things in order. They were a happy, care free lot, warmly attached to Marse Lee.

Negroes Refused to Leave

Asked about their future, they said, "We 'spects to stay heah all de time. We was born heah and dis is goin' to be we uns home long's we unses lib."

Captain Lee married again in 1894, his second wife having been Miss Julia Carter. He died at Upper-ville, Va., in 1914. Two daughters, Mrs. William Hunter de Butte, Jr. and Mrs. Hanson Edward Ely, both of Washington, D. C. survive.

Mr. Burket was born Dec. 9, 1848. Except that he is hard of hearing, he has full use of his faculties. He and his wife, nee Spidle, live alone, their children all being married and living in their own homes. His favorite recreation is automobiling. He loves to take long trips. Each week-end that the weather is favorable some of the children take him and Mrs. Burket for a ride. Frequently they drive as much as 200 miles. Mr. Burket declares these sightseeing tours make him feel young.

While engaged in carpentering, he built many private homes in Altoona. He also erected the Martz School house at Wehnwood. After his marriage he took up farming on the farm a mile and a half northeast of Curryville, where his son Harry now resides. He moved off the farm to Martinsburg about 19 years ago, but continued to work on the farm until two years ago when a rheumatic condition of his legs compelled him to retire in earnest.

Is Still Optimistic

He claims this is the worst financial depression in his experience, but he is optimistic that the old United States is going to attain economic recovery in a short time. The affairs of the present interest him more than the past, but among his pleasantest recollections are those that have to do with his experiences in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Burket were the parents of six children. One of them, Mary, first wife of W. Robert Straesser, of Martinsburg, is deceased. The others are Mildred, wife of Leore McCartney, Hilda, wife of Chester Clapper and Florine, wife of David A. Constance, all of Altoona; Harry E. of Martinsburg, R. D., and Christine, wife of Joseph C. Lantzer of Martinsburg.

While it may not be exactly relevant to this sketch, yet the writer for the sake of the humor of it, is impelled to incorporate the following in this article:

Colonel John Custis IV, father of Daniel Parke Custis, first husband of Martha Washington, fell in love with a woman, who was notorious for her temper. She was Frances Parke of Williamsburg, Va. Warned by mutual friends that he would rue the day he ever married the termagant, he asserted that she was "the angel of my affections and to possess her would be heaven enough."

However, life with her proved to be quite the opposite. In fact he became so disgusted with his married life that he compelled his son, Daniel Parke Custis, on pain of disinheritance, to carve on the tomb stone erected to the old man's memory "Aged 77 years, and yet lived but

7 years, which was the space of time he kept bachelor's home."

This is probably the only instance in history of a man evening up old scores with his wife by perpetuating the opinion of his married life in marble.

HERALDINGS

The things we should remember
Are the things we most forget;
In mem'ry's storehouse lack not
A place for friends you've met.

Longfellow wrote about a girl who said, "I hate to go above you." Of course that was a long time ago.

Considering neither the hope of reward nor the fear of punishment, goodness pays.

Stock on the market
Like stock in the lane;
They seem to go nicely,
Then they run back again.
Cheer up and list not to the tales
They may tell you—the idle and
scorning;

For the sun has never yet set,
And failed to return in the morning.
Indecision wastes many a precious
moment.

Things may come to him who waits
but they will probably not be the
things he was waiting for.

Trying to fool one's self is more
disastrous than trying to fool the
other fellow.

Rather than lamenting the past we
should prepare for the future.

Eternal blessings require temporal
sacrifices.

I do not know much about the sun,
moon and stars, but I believe they
are doing exactly what they were
made to do. Man, of all creation,
seems to be the nearest to failure.

PIONEERS USED THEIR LEGS

It is a matter of wonder the distance people made on Shank's mare in the days before the automobile deprived the generality of folks of the use of their legs. Perhaps they lived closer to the soil, then to the elemental forces of nature.

Walking was a mode of locomotion most in accord with their leisurely manner of life. The writers maternal grandfather, David M. Shriver, late of Curryville, thought nothing of walking from his home to Bedford and back again in a day. Of course, we'll have to admit it was a long day. But he regarded a journey like that as mere routine.

Jacob Snowberger of Curryville, uncle of the present writer tells some amusing incidents which are illustrative of the treks the young men were accustomed to take in quest of social pleasures some fifty years ago.

In company with Peter and Henry Clapper, both deceased, and one or two other young fellows, Mr. Snowberger walked from Curryville to a lovefeast held at the Carson Valley Church of the Brethren, a distance of 20 miles at least. And then they walked back again.

Walked to Hollidaysburg

At an other time a party of youths, of whom Mr. Snowberger was one, decided to take in the sights at the Blair County fair which for so many years was held at the Dell Delight fair grounds at Hollidaysburg. Intending to devote the whole of one day to the fair, the boys set out for the county capital on the afternoon of the preceding day. Night overtook

them while they were crossing Catfish ridge. Taking counsel together, they concluded that they would spend the night in a barn which stood by the road side.

However, they were circumvented in carrying out this design by a vicious watch dog which routed them out pell mell. They finally found quarters in a stable not far away and spent the rest of the night unmolested.

In the morning, they arose with the dawn and went on for a tour of inspection of the rolling mills at Gaysport. To the wondering eyes of these country boys, the iron works presented mechanical intricacies which transfixed them with astonishment.

It was a far step from the simplicities of the farming community in which they lived. After a strenuous day in taking in strange sights, they started on the weary miles that lay, between them and Home, Sweet Home.

Shot Pigeons With Rifle

Well, the farm boys may have had to fare pretty far afield to satisfy a natural craving for pleasure, but there was shooting on the wing, a sport of which they could avail themselves at all times. Those were the days when the wild pigeon was as plentiful in Pennsylvania as black birds are now, or more so.

Did mother want a pigeon pot pie or a pigeon stew? All that was necessary was for one of the boys to get a rifle and go outside. A flock of pigeons would be sure to be handy to the house. In fact one of the

first chores the little children learned was to pick up the birds some older members of the family brought down.

Mr. Snowberger recalls distinctly of watching the exodus of the wild pigeons. He believes it was on a Sunday, because that was the only day of leisure the flocks enjoyed during those busy times. At any rate that day he watched flock after flock winging their flight to the north east, never to return. O, for a few years following, occasional straggling groups of maybe as many as a dozen birds, could be seen. But eventually the last wild pigeon was gone. No one knows what became of them. It is one of the profound mysteries of natural science.

Was it a case of racial suicide? Did some malignant disease wipe them out? Those are questions that probably never can be answered. The present writer remembers the story of the last wild pigeon as it was told by one of the instructors at the County Teachers' Institute a long time ago. It was pathetic in the extreme. The lone survivor of an extinct species, it was kept in a cage where it brooded its life away awaiting the call of its own kind, which never came.

Followed By Spook Dog

Reminiscences of the old times, always bring to mind a spook story. Stories of supernatural manifestations were so much a part and parcel of the daily life of early Morrisons Cove residents, that no summary of pioneer history is complete without this peculiar folk lore.

Mr. Snowberger often heard his father, Daniel D. Snowberger, late of Curryville, tell of an experience of this kind which befell him. As night

was falling one evening while Daniel Snowberger, then a young man, was returning home from work, he heard a dog trotting at his heels as he was passing through a grove in Hickory Bottom. He could hear the sound quite clearly as the dog pattered through the rustling leaves.

Time and time again, the young man stopped, but no dog could be seen. He snapped his fingers and whistled to coax it to come to him, but there was nothing there. But every time the young man moved on, the sound of pattering feet followed him.

At length he began to feel some little trepidation. It was becoming uncanny to say the least. When he reached the edge of the wood, he again stopped to look back. No sooner had he done so than the wood resounded with a rushing noise as if 50 horses were galloping through it.

Mr. Snowberger set out for home at a breath-taking gallop himself. On reaching there he found his cap was about to be pushed off his head by his hair which was standing literally on end.

HERALDINGS

He held her hand so long ago,
And whispered words that lovers
know;
He holds her hand now they are wed,
The poker thus can't hit his head.

I doubt whether television will be a great success for upstairs phones.

What some folks would have looked upon as great calamities have turned out to be great blessings.

We read too many books and not enough of the Book.

WHEN THE RAILROAD WAS BUILT

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were going to Johnstown. Charles had the bays, Ellick and Bully, at the front gate. They were feeling their oats. Pawing the ground with dainty front hoofs and champing at the bit, they were "raring" to go.

The younger children, tense with excitement, were calling out messages to be delivered to the Brown and Custer cousins who lived in Johnstown.

At length Mother Brown gives the word that she is all ready. Bustling out of the front door, and surrounded by the smallest of the eleven Browns in her brood, she gives last minute instructions as to tasks and conduct during her absence. Father Brown assists her to mount old Ellick. He vaults astride Bully.

Katherine hands up Baby Mattie to him. Mother Brown admonishes. "Now, children, we're taking the baby. See that you give Katherine a rest while we are gone."

Goodbys are said and away Father and Mother Brown and Baby Mattie canter on the journey to Johnstown. The children wave their hands and call goodbye until the riders are lost to view as they enter Martinsburg.

Spent Hours In the Saddle

A horseback ride to Johnstown for a woman sitting a side saddle was rather an equestrian feat. A distance of 58 or 60 miles, it meant hours in the saddle. The Browns did not stop off to rest but rode straight through. But Mrs. Brown was such a skilled horsewoman that she did not mind it. Rather the reverse. Because as a matter of fact, she preferred

making the trip on horseback to riding in the family phaeton. They usually arrived at their destination in the late afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Brown lived on the farm, which for many years was known as the Brown farm. It lies along the state highway a half mile south of Martinsburg. I. N. Keith of Curryville is the present owner. His son Frank and the latter's family reside on it.

Two gigantic willow trees, whose age antedates the recollection of any one now living, stand sentinel on either side of the gate opening into the front yard. The storms of many years and the electric wires overhead have exacted tribute of those spreading boughs until only a few sparse shoots spring from the massive trunks.

Played Under Big Willows

Rosy-cheeked, curly-haired little Mattie, the baby of the family, used to play underneath the willows. A pretty picture the winsome lassie made as she flitted about in the engrossing occupation of the moment.

So thought a young man who frequently passed that way. He confided to his sisters at home that Mattie was the prettiest, sweetest little girl he ever saw and that he hoped she would be his wife some day.

That young man was Samuel S. Rhodes and sure enough, when the time came that Mattie's parents deemed her old enough, they two were married. "And they lived happy ever after" would be an appropriate finale to this story, for theirs was an ideal married life.

Both of them have passed away. Indeed all the members of this family, one of the foremost and most respected families in the Cove, have passed away, except Mrs. Katharine Law of Curryville. She is the last of eleven.

They were Jeremiah, late of New Mexico; Mary, wife of Solomon Layman; Christian Brown; Hannah, wife of Benjamin Newcomer; Charles Brown, Hezekiah Brown; Katharine, wife of Jacob Law; George Brown, Daniel Brown, Susan, wife of George Burket, and Mattie Brown Rhodes, all former Cove residents. At 81, Mrs. Law is the last leaf on that spacious benignant family tree.

Was Happy Family Circle

That was a happy family circle. Mrs. Law's recollections are woven about pleasant, agreeable fraternal associations. She was the nurse. It was her delight to mind the children. Even today, when her health permits, she engages in practical nursing, which vocation she has followed at intervals since her husband's death which occurred January of 1916.

At Christmas time a long row of home made woolen stockings were hung above the fire place in the log house which stood on the hill a few rods north of the present house. Old Kris Kingle's coming was awaited with as great anticipations as the child of today feels.

But Kris Kingle did not pamper the little ones, nor distort their sense of values by showering them with a multiplicity of toys and gimcracks. A few striped sticks of candy, a handful of pink and white lozengers, pop corn balls, chestnuts and hickory nuts were the treasures those stockings disgorged Christmas morning.

But there was no discounting the pleasure they gave to the little Browns. Theirs were simple, wholesome joys.

Old Stone School On Hill

For four months each year, they trooped to the old stone school house which stood on the hill near their home. This building, long since torn down, had somewhat the appearance of a house of detention. The windows were set in deep recesses in the walls so high that the only way the pupils could see out was to climb up on the benches.

On dreary, cloudy days it was almost as dark inside as a dungeon. Rude, backless benches were set lengthwise of the room. Lower ones with a board nailed to support little backs, and ranged, near the teacher's desk, served the beginners. Rough boards, painted black, formed the black board and a huge, round-bellied stone, standing in the middle of the room furnished heat.

Heating facilities were not so important then. Knitted woolen stockings, flannel underwear, heavy woolen dresses or hickory suits and cow hide boots and shoes, provided protection against arctic temperatures.

When little boys became fractious and broke rules, they fell upon distressing times, because the master, adorning them with dunce cap and goggles, stuck them up on the window ledge. As if that wasn't bad enough, they were forced to stand on one leg while they drew the other knee up and down, tapping the ledge with the foot each time the leg was relaxed. Up, tap; up tap, interminably, the while the culprit cried in abject misery. Wiping futile tears on his sleeve and rubbing his eyes with

his fists until his face was streaked with dirt and puckered with woe!

Punishment Was Severe

If the teacher demanded this penance too long, the big boys took a hand. Unitedly, they threatened bodily violence to the teacher unless he would take the exhausted little tyke out of the window. Similar insurrections arose when the teacher insisted on punishing small law-breakers by making them pound their little fists against the splintery black board until the blood flowed from the lacerated knuckles.

Mrs. Law recollects a good joke on one of the teachers. He was the late John Stoudnour, a capable, kindly instructor to whose efficient methods, numerous of the oldest residents of North Woodbury township, owe their elementary scholastic training.

Having a keen sense of humor, he was one of those rare souls who enjoyed a joke on himself. Following a night spelling school, he entertained his pupils next morning with a harrowing tale. He had escorted a young lady to and from the spelling school. They, with some other young folks from the Millerstown section, had walked, making the journey from their homes and back again, on foot.

After seeing his sweet-heart, Miss Hannah Brumbaugh, to her home, Mr. Stoudnour became lost in the woods. In some unaccountable way, he became bewildered and wandered about all night. Te never did orient himself until broad day light. He told the story of his adventures with great unction, concluding with the remark, "I'll never take that girl home again."

"O, yes, you will," spoke up Katherine Brown, then one of the "big

girls," I'll bet you'll marry her." And he did.

Mysterious Loco Weed

Now a belief obtained among the pioneer Pennsylvania Dutch settlers, that a certain mysterious plant grew in the woods—a loco weed, which had the effect, did some luckless traveller step on it, of depriving him of a sense of locality. Even though he was in sight of home, he became completely lost. Very pathetic cases were detailed of both men and women, who thus bewildered, wandered about helplessly for hours, even days.

Mr. Stoudnour, while not disposed to accept this theory to explain his plight of the previous night, was unable ever to account for it. He was perfectly familiar with that territory and all the time he was lost, he was close to his home. Something had bemused him. He disclaimed both love and the loco plant as the cause.

While the then Katherine Brown was still of school age, the stone school house was abandoned, its place having been taken by the new, more modern, frame structure which stood along the state road further south of the Brown farm, and which occupied a corner lot taken from what is now the Lewis Wineland farm. It was known as the Law school house. The stone building reverted to the ownership of Daniel Brown.

At about this time the Pennsylvania Railroad company began building the Morrisons Cove branch railroad. This enterprise was epic. Gangs of Irish track hands were brought in to do the manual labor. From the moment of their advent, the peace, quiet and erstwhile decorum of the Cove, was shattered.

Those wild Irishmen's idea of a

good time was to get drunk, carouse and fight. They were prodigious workers, though, and when it came to eating, they could out-distance all competitors. Mrs. "Kate" Law knows. For her father boarded 36 of them. They bunked in the old school house but ate in the Brown home.

And when we say ate, we mean ate. The Brown women were noted cooks. They had ample opportunity to exercise their skill when they cooked for the Irish railroad men. Fortunately Brother Jerry was a butcher. He was kept on the move to supply the demands of his father's boarders. Beef cattle, calves, hogs and sheep were slaughtered by the score. Hannah, Mary and Kate helped their mother cook. Quick on their feet, they were capable of doing an immense amount of work.

For once, they had enough to do to keep them going all day. They baked bread, pies and cakes in the hugh out-doors brick oven three times a week and peeled potatoes until they saw them in their sleep. The demands of those insatiable appetites simply never seemed to end.

The times when a knock came at the door and a call of alarm for the bosses, who roomed in the home, rang through the night, the women folks of the household trembled with fright. The girls would say to one another, "Now, somebody will be killed for sure." Because that call meant that another fight was on.

How the bosses quelled those free-for-all brawls is a mystery, but they always were equal to the occasion even when the whole 36 boarders mixed up in the melee.

Black Eyes Next Morning

The girls shivering in their beds at the sound of conflict, could see the bunk house floor strewn with bloody corpses. No such eventuality ever happened. The morning after, all the hands, decorated with assorted black eyes and vari-colored bruises, reported, more or less sheepishly, for breakfast. In the main good-atured, yet when those fellows got a few drinks under the belt, they were bad actors.

When the gang that put up at the Powers boarding house, a temporary structure at Bossler Station, and the Brown gang tangled up pay day nights the battle that ensued was homeric.

One by one, the older brothers and sisters married. Then it came Katherine's turn. She was married to Jacob Law, March 18, 1872. She wore a grey poplin dress, abundantly pleated and ruffed in accordance with the style in vogue. It was made by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Law Brown, her brother, Christian's wife. While a large party of invited guests attended the ceremony, the roads were so terribly muddy that the band which had expected to come out from Martinsburg to serenade the newly-weds, was unable to make its appearance.

The young couple took up house keeping on the Law farm a quarter of a mile north of Curryville, now owned by I. N. Keith. Two tall poplars stand guard at the front gate whose spires reaching skyward, are the most conspicuous land marks in the Cove. They can be seen for miles from all directions.

Original Trees From Germany

Mr. Law got these trees from the

Bridenthal, now the Emerson Isenberg farm, on Hickory Bottom. It is said the trees from which these were shoots, had been brought from Germany by one of the former owners of the farm, in loving memory of old country scenes.

Mrs. Law well recalls when the first telephone was extended into the central part of the Cove. This marvel of modern invention was almost too much for the old-timers to accept as fact. They discussed the wonders of the human voice being carried on wires for hundreds of miles as being simply beyond comprehension. Well, Mrs. Law has lived to see the radio. Her parents travelled to Johnstown on horseback. She makes the trip either by railroad or automobile.

Her parents illuminated their home with candles and fat lamps. When they got a tall fat lamp whose bowl was upheld by a stem, it was adjudged too fine for any except parlor use. The first oil lamp was a great luxury. She went through all those progressive stages of lighting. But she presses a button and floods her rooms with electricity. Hour after hour during her girlhood was spent at the wheel spinning. The yarn was either taken to Shaffer's, who lived across the road from Chauncey Honsacker's home, or to Abram Keagy's at Waterside to be woven into lindsey or flannel.

Mrs. Law delights to tell about what befell her once while she picked the geese. Mrs. Brown and her daughters used to catch the geese, tie their feet together and, holding their heads under the left arm pit, they plucked the feathers to fill pillows and feather beds.

Looked Like Mother Goose

On this particular occasion, Katherine had on a flannel dress. When she was through with the job, she discovered that the down covered her all over until she looked like Mother Goose herself. She never could get it off the dress, which had to be consigned to the rag bag.

All these long ago experiences seem like ancient history. One can only appreciate the rapidity of modern innovations when the comparison with the past is made by one who lived through all these changes, as did Mrs. Law.

She speaks most entertainingly and intelligently of her early life. But her spirit is so young that the things of the present are of greater moment. Mentally keen and as spry in her movements as a girl of 16, she is a remarkably interesting old lady.

The only appreciable inroads her years have made, is on her hearing. It is hard for her to enter into a general conversation because of deafness, but otherwise she can hold her own with the best of them. She lives with her only child, Mrs. Mary Law Smith, of Curryville.

HERALDINGS

When we hear of the many troubles of the rich, we should be thankful that we are poor.

One great trouble today is the hustle, bustle, running to and fro in the quest of pleasure, thrills and excitement, instead of spending a quiet hour with a good book, or observing the beauties of nature so lavishly spread about us at most seasons of the year.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES

In the section of the Cove surrounding Curryville, it is customary to say, "Dave Burget will know how".

When anything involving mechanical construction comes to a dead halt because nobody can figure out what to do next, David S. Burget, retired carpenter, merchant, electrician, and jack of all trades and master of the lot of them, is called in on the case. We could close this story by saying that he hasn't met his match yet. But that would be putting the end at the beginning, and we haven't begun yet.

At 76, Mr. Burget, because of impaired health, is unable to work. But show him some mechanical puzzler, he pricks up his ears, so to speak, and, given time, he'll explain all about it. He commenced his career as a wagon, sled and pump maker, branching out, as time went on, into carpentry followed by store keeping and automobile repairing.

Given a contract to build a house or barn, he built it from the ground up. He went to the woods and marked the trees he required for the lumber. Then he cut them down and hewed them into shape. He dug the foundation, laid the wall and erected the superstructure, doing all the work by hand. At a later period, he turned sawyer and erected a planing mill as an addition to his industrial plant, thereafter sawing and planing the lumber by means of machinery.

Seldom Used Blue Print

Mr. Burget recollects but one instance when he worked from a draft

or blue print. That was in 1893 while he was remodeling the J. S. Brown grist mill at Loysburg. The joining of the chutes was unfamiliar, requiring a peculiar diamond-shaped construction which was difficult to fit together. But after that he understood the principle of the thing, he no longer needed to refer to the draft.

Once, while building a barn, an architect asked him in great surprise, "Haven't you a blue print of this structure, Mr. Burget?"

Mr. Burget's reply was, "Can't you see this barn in your mind?"

"No."

"Well, I can. I don't need a blue print."

That is a fact. Mr. Burget has that rare attribute of the mind: Imagination, mechanical perception, or whatever you choose to call it, which leads him to see the finished product as it is developed from the intermediate processes.

He was so little dependent on a draft that he stated to the present writer that he could cut down trees at different points in the woods, hew the timbers where they fell, and assemble the different parts together into a structure without so much as making a single notation on paper.

While listening to Mr. Burget tell of his experiences, the chief impression one gets, is a sense of the arduousness of the toil involved in building in the days before the invention of machinery relieved the tedium of labor by hand.

Worked From Dawn to Dark

We cannot conceive today of the

endless hours of hard work. The eight hour day was not even a chimera of the imagination then. Men worked from dawn to dark and did the job honestly and well with pride in their good workmanship. The recompense was a mere pittance.

Mr. Burget came to Curryville from his birth place near Millers-town in 1877. He established a work shop adjoining the blacksmith shop of the late John Zook. This building stood at the junction of the Henrietta road with the state highway where Emanuel S. Guyer's stable is at the present time, the location being about a quarter of a mile south of Curryville.

What alluring memories crowd around that once busy smithy and its good natured operator, only those men know whose boyhood experienced happy hours spent by that flaming forge and clanging anvil.

In his little shop at the rear of the smithy, Mr. Burget laboriously bored and joined the sections of pump stocks for 80-foot wells, at the rate of 20 and 50 cents the foot. He made wagons by hand, doing all but the metal work, which Mr. Zook largely did for him. Until he discovered that he could have ready-made spokes shipped in, he turned them himself.

Product Was Guaranteed

The resulting brand was a vehicle, hand made from end-gate to tongue, and guaranteed to stand up under a couple of generations of hard wear. For all this labor, including the materials, he realized somewhere around the munificent sum of \$45.00.

While a brisk demand existed for his product, yet the pay was so poor in proportion to the hours of labor required, that he could not make a

living at it, no matter how long and hard he worked. He gave up this line in favor of carpentering.

One of the first houses he built was the Joseph Corle home in Hickory Bottom. In partnership with his brother, Jacob Burget, now deceased, he contracted with Samuel Leidy, the former owner, to put up the log framework. The young carpenters set to work with axe, saw and hammer, doing everything except the chinking outside and the plastering on the inside. In order to insure a neater job, they had the eight key posts sawed at the saw mill. Otherwise, they did everything themselves. For the completed work, they received \$135.00.

Some idea of the tediousness of this work is conveyed when Mr. Burget explained the procedure they followed in erecting log houses. They laid each side and end wall on the ground, mortising and fitting the pieces together just as they were to be in the finished structure. When everything "geed", as the saying is, they took the pieces apart and reared them in place on the foundation.

The most "ticklish" part of the job was to make the doors and windows come out plumb. The slightest error in calculation or craftsmanship caused infinite trouble. The slogan had to be, "Be sure you're right first; then go ahead".

Terrible Tragedy Recalled

As his business expanded, Mr. Burget added the sawyer's trade to his repertory. In 1887, a tragedy occurred which excited widespread interest and sympathy throughout the Cove. One summer morning Billy Dick, a young man residing at Bakers Summit with his widowed mother,

set out from home to get a load of hay of Luther Barley, who lived at some distance away.

He was so blithe and full of life as he "tchiched" to the horses, that his mother who stood in the doorway looking after him with fond affection as long as she could see him, was loathe to have him go.

Mr. Burget was operating a saw mill at the time in the "bottom" which formed a part of the Barley farm. Young Dick, who had at times assisted in loading logs on the truck which fed the saw, seeing that the crew was short handed, offered to help. Everything was going along smoothly as the big circular saw ground a log into the required lengths. For a moment Mr. Burget had turned aside to make a notation on the tally board.

In that instant of time, in some inexplicable way, the Dick boy was caught by the steel teeth and ripped asunder. The youth's backbone was cleft in twain as cleanly through the middle as if done with a cleaver. So powerful was the pressure of the saw that not a trace of the viscera could ever be found. A splattering of blood on the leaves and a fence nearby indicated that the insides had been blown to atoms and scattered to the four winds.

On another occasion, Mr. Burget, himself, had a narrow escape. While raising a barn on the farm of Hughey Rhodes in the Piney Creek district, a disgruntled workman in his employ, sought to revenge himself for a fancied wrong. While this fellow and his employer were rolling a heavy sleeper to its position in the framework, the work man attempted to manoeuvre it so that it would fall on Mr. Burget.

Sensing the man's intention, Mr. Burget, too quick for him, jumped aside, thus by a narrow margin avoiding having either his legs crushed or his life snuffed out. Needless to say, Mr. Burget did not stand on ceremony about giving the man a summary discharge.

Johnstown Flood Plays Trick

The high waters of the Johnstown flood in 1889 played a trick on Mr. Burget, which was as laughable as it was annoying. At the time referred to, he was building a barn for John S. Acker along Piney Creek. The logs had been assembled at the site in readiness for the carpenters. When the crew arrived on the scene, what was their astonishment to see the logs had disappeared. They had been carried away by the flood waters. Some of the timbers were found lodged along the creek bank at various points at a distance of six and eight miles away. Others were never recovered.

In 1888, Mr. Burget opened his planing mill, located on a plot directly opposite to the place where the black smith shop stood. While this was rather by way of being a family institution, that did not interfere in turning out a prodigious quantity of work. Mr. Burget's father, the late Adam Burget, and all his children, big enough to muster into service, assisted.

Mr. Adam Burget fired the engine with the shavings which the little chaps gathered. The maw of that engine never was filled. It kept calling for more and more shavings. The children considered its appetite for fuel insatiable. They had to be on the jump all the time to keep the fire roaring. But there was commen-

surate compensation. It was such fun to hear the clatter of the machinery and the piercing whine of the circular saw as it bit into the great logs. Then, too, it was quite a satisfaction to feel that they worked side by side with the grown-ups. They felt big also.

As will be seen by the appended list, the buildings Mr. Burget put up are legion. His name is a family word in the Cove, and his ingenuity and his reputation for hard work are equally well known. Since the establishment of the Square Deal garage now under the management of his sons, Mr. Burget has retired. Away from the daily grind, he has utilized his time in work that appeals most to him. He tinkered at this and that, as his fancy dictated, and as a result, has turned out some marvelously interesting products.

For instance: If a member of the firm suggested, "Pap, we need a new electric refrigerator for the store," Mr. Burget gathered his tools together, and in due course of time, there was a refrigerator second to none of the standardized models on the market. A daughter reminds him that they ought to have a new lawn fence. He sends for a consignment of iron pipe, gets busy, and soon a handsome fence encloses the front yard.

His Hand Is Still Skilled

It is the same with anything else needed about the premises, be it a chest of drawers, a bedstead, chair or cupboard, Mr. Burget makes it. Even fly traps, a fancy dog house have emerged as monuments to his skill. On occasion in recent years, when some of the folks in the community wished some extra fine in-

side work done when remodeling their houses, they sent for Mr. Burget.

As evidence that his hand has not forgotten its old time cunning, he made a truck body for Preston Detwiler of New Enterprise, which is in a class by itself. Massive and strong, it has a capacity of 186 six-gallon milk cans.

Last year he grew tired of staying up until mid-night in order to turn off the electric street lights. So he rigged up an electric contrivance which he attached to an alarm clock, and which switches off the current automatically. The neighbors are kept on the qui vive wondering what "Dave Burget will study out next?"

During his life he has had a number of unique experiences. One was an encounter with a hoop snake. While picking huckle berries in the barrens many years ago, he was startled by hearing something "swooshing" through the leaves at breakneck speed. Looking up, there was a snake coming in a loop with the velocity of a hurricane.

Now Mr. Burget has dispatched a good share of reptiles of all descriptions. While he is not particularly in love with them, yet he has no more fear of them than any other man of good courage. But when he saw that weird apparition come streaking towards him, he lost no time in getting away from there. There was something about the thing which inspired terror.

He has witnessed other snakes performing feats which the ordinary book student is inclined to scoff at. He has seen black snakes charming birds to the point that they become helpless victims to these sleek earth

confined denizens looking for a meal. Were the reptiles unable to exert this hypnotic power, the winged creatures of the air would never fall prey to them.

Good Revolver Shot

Once when a black snake was robbing a bird's nest up in a tree, Mr. Burget, who rarely resorted to use of fire arms, drew a revolver on it, as much in a spirit of a joke as anything else. To his surprise, the missile severed the snake's head from its body.

And here is something else that lies beyond the book and thumb rule of the scientist. When a wee boy, in the autumn before the Civil war, he and his mother were passing through a field. The sky was blue and cloudless with no slightest sign of an electric storm.

Suddenly a ball of fire, the size of a hen's egg, shot into their view. It flew in a long arc, coming from nowhere apparently and falling to the ground near them. Searching the spot where it fell, they could find no trace to show what it was. Awed, the mother admonished the child, saying, "That was a token. Something terrible will happen".

Mr. Burget is firmly convinced that the strange appearance was an omen which portended the breaking out of the war. When a man of his recognized integrity, tells of having seen manifestations of this nature, we are made to believe that the supernatural does at times materialize in visible form to the human eye.

Mr. Burget is blessed with a remarkably retentive memory. He takes interest in casting back over early experiences for the purpose of determining what his first conscious re-

collection is. He believes he was three years and one day old when there was registered the first clear impression on the scroll of memory. Now, how can he be so accurate about his age at the time? The explanation is simple enough.

When he was exactly that old he was told a little sister had come into the home. A neighbor woman led him by the hand to his mother's room and there made his acquainted with a squirming little bundle wound about with a blanket, which, he was told, was his sister Mary Ann. Mary Ann, now, Mrs. Rhodes, lives at Portage, Pa. The scene stands out as clearly to him as it did when his eyes first beheld it.

Another History Scheme

When the present writer interviewed Mr. Burget in order to compile the data for this sketch, he related an incident, which while most amusing in retrospect, roused his ire to the flaming point at the time it happened. A smooth-tongued stranger represented to Mr. Burget that he wanted to ask some questions preparatory to writing a newspaper article. Mr. Burget treated the man courteously, answering him as best he could.

The interview being ended, the slick reporter asked that Mr. Burget sign his name to the write-up. He demurred, but, at last persuaded that his signature was merely a matter of form, he consented to put his name on the dotted line. The next thing he knew, a book was delivered at his door, accompanied by the insistent demand for payment of \$16 as the same was set forth in an iron-bound, legal agreement, bearing Mr. Burget's signature.

While his health precludes his en-

gaging in active pursuits, yet he has the well earned satisfaction of looking back over a life usefully and busily employed and over a course of personal and business conduct which has won the respect of all who known him or who have had business dealings with him. He is noted as being one of the hardest-working men the Cove has ever produced. No work was ever too hard, or the hours too long. He wasn't happy unless he was working with all his might.

As an illustration of the hardships he went through, his friends tell that some years ago while he was operating a saw mill in Sinking Valley, he made the week-end trips to and from his home, riding a bicycle. He made the distance of 35 miles, at a speed of 12 miles an hour, with no more concern than if it were a setting-up exercise to put him in shape to do a hard day's work. Yes, his has been a hard life, but with it all, there's never been time to complain.

Since the death of his wife, Sarah Jane Weyandt Burget, July 6, 1930, Mr. Burget has continued to live in his home at Curryville, next door to the Burget store, with his daughter Annie as his house keeper. Five other children, all residents of Curryville, are living, as follows: Ira W., Flora, wife of Scott Fluke, William, Henry and Elvin.

THE BACK-YARD FARM

You're familiar with the song, "When the Cows Come Home."

The setting for it would have been furnished admirably by Martinsburg a half century ago. Almost everybody who lived in town kept a cow, a flock of chickens and several hogs.

The morning concert began with the crowing of roosters. Each backyard alerion tried to out-do the other. This more or less musical syncopation was followed by squeals of next winter's pork and the lowing of the cows hankering for their far away pasture.

At about the same time in the morning, the denizens of the town turned their cows loose. The cattle all converged on North Market street and from there started on the long trail to pasture in the barrens.

Bells tinkling, the cattle wended their way up the Piney Creek road past the William H. Ake farm, and on to the barrens. Frequently they had no drivers. Especially on the way to pasture, they traveled without guidance. Creatures of habit, they usually returned home in the evenings. Also without any human agency to urge them to better speed.

Each householder in the town wanted to have what Will Rogers would call a "premature" farm. Hence he built his house flush with the pavement in order to utilize all the ground space available for a cabbage and "tater" patch.

Flanking the alley were the stable, hog pen and chicken house. The stable was built to accommodate the family buggy or carry-all, as well as a horse and cow.

Of course, the streets were unpaved, making a dust nuisance in summer time, but the side walks, laid with large native flat stones and bricks were fairly good.

HERALDINGS

Maybe Lot's wife just turned to see whether her hat was on straight.

FURNITURE MADE TO LAST

"Mary Ann, wot d'ye say to us gittin' hitched?"

"It's alright mit me, Yuckle."

In some such fashion, perhaps, the Morrisons Cove young swain a hundred years ago put the all important question to his Pennsylvania Dutch sweetheart. In speech, broadly tinged with the accent of her mother tongue, Mary Ann chattered away happily, laying plans for the future.

"Ay, ay, Yuckle! You chust oughta see wonst the best cloes and table closses I've got in the big chist up in the spare room. Mate 'em all myself, already. Pap said as soon as I got a man hooked he'd gif me a hundred dollars yet. That's a-goin' to set us up wunnerborlich nice.

"I'm goin' to Henry Burget up on the hill to pick me out wonst some furniture. I'll get two bet-steats, a bureau, a table and cheers. Wonst I went there with Bevvie Gensinger before she chumped over the broom stehick mit Chon Schmitt and sich grant things as he makes, I never seen still. Be sure I'm not goint to stand behint wen we sets up house keepin'. Sich a cherry bet-steat and maple bureau and six-lecked table as we shall haf to owver house, I'll bet we don't neet to be skeered of any body comin' to wisit us."

Made Furniture to Last

Henry Burget, one time cabinet maker, lived on the farm situated a mile or so south of Henrietta, which is now owned by Blaine Maurer. With what we now would regard as very crude and inadequate tools, he made car loads of furniture for newly-

weds all over the central part of the Cove. The pieces bearing the Henry Burget stamp were so sturdily built that even today they are among the most highly prized possessions of many a local housewife. As specimens of Early American handicraft, they really did not come into proper appreciation until after the present fad for antiques swept the continent. The worst thing about them is they never wear out.

When the cord beds with their knobs and chaff ticks passed out into unlamented and forgotten desquitudes, the question arose. What shall we do with them?" We all recollect the poem in the school Fifth Reader, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." It seems rather a pity that a little withholding of the axe was not applied to the old Burget bedsteads. No one knows how many of them went up in smoke, a sacrifice to changing fashion.

Those that escaped the kitchen stove were converted into porch settees. These handy benches seem to be distinctive features of Cove front porches.

To go back to Henry Burget. His body lies in the Burget cemetery in the vicinity of Page station near Henrietta. The inscription on the tomb stone gives the date of his death as August, 1889, and his age as 82 years. During that long life time he was a carpenter, cabinet maker and coffin maker.

Served as Undertaker

As was customary in those simple times among the wood workers, he also served as undertaker, although

during his latter years he discarded this melancholy branch of his trade.

Embalming was unknown then. Heroic measures had to be resorted to preserve the bodies of the dead during hot weather. The cooling board was descriptively named since of necessity ice was packed about the corpse. Frequently a layer of moist sod which possesses properties as a cooling agency because of evaporation, was placed underneath the body.

Taking this process into consideration, one can readily understand the reason for wakes. The watchers, not only kept the ice replenished but they were on the lookout for signs of life.

Harrowing tales of hapless victims who had been inadvertently buried alive were common in the Cove as part of the sum total of the folklore which the elders retailed by the fire-side winter evenings. They dwelt on choice bits such as instances of the foreheads of corpses having been beaded with perspiration at funerals and of horrors disclosed by the ex-humer's spade.

Is it any wonder that those old-timers saw spooks? With minds filled with gruesome imaginings like that, nerves that came through the ordeal unscathed, were worthy of being emblazoned on the scrolls of the world's most courageous. For verily of such stuff are heroes made.

Feeling a disinclination towards undertaking, Mr. Burget ceased making coffins. How odd looking they were in comparison with the present day models. Widened at the shoulders and tapering at the feet, with window glass set in to admit of a view of the head and upper part of the body, they were far from equalifying as examples of either luxury or beauty. Rath-

er they typified a harsh, stern ending to a life deprived of ease and the softer things bestowed by wealth and culture.

Workshop Was Busy Place

Well, there was no time for idling in the Burget workshop. Huge timbers of oak, walnut, maple and poplar were stored on the upper floor where they were becoming duly seasoned until such time as the old cabinet maker would require them.

Much laborious toil would be necessary to transform that pile of wood into handsome dowers for the annual crop of neighborhood brides. There were numerous flutings and scroll-wrok that had to be done. And there was the turning lathe which had to be pedaled with main strength.

Here was where the boys shone. It was quite an honor for the youngsters to tramp the cumbersome machine. They tramped and sweated because, weren't they important assistants in the fascinating adult vocation of furniture making? There were the old gentlemen's grandsons, Henry B. Stonerook, his brothers, Simon, John and Frank, the Hoover boys Andrew, Lee and Jerry, the Settle and the Benner boys and even fellows from Henrietta, standing around in the shop and waiting their turn at pedaling.

For reward each got a lump or two of loaf sugar. And wasn't that something? Candy was a luxury rarely within reach so loaf sugar was a treat, one that was not handed out for nothing. They all liked Mr. Burget, but woe betide the boy that forgot himself to the extent that he tampered with the old gentleman's tools. The reprimand he got simply shriveled him up. Those tools, always kept in orderly array, were sacrosanct to

exploring fingers.

Patience and Exactitude

Mr. Burget's designs did not vary much, except in the style of the spiral turnings on bed posts and table legs. Plain, simple lines, adapted for wear rather than complexity, were characteristic of his handiwork. Every joint was dove-tailed, glue having been an unknown quantity in his category. Patience and exactitude were requisites. Going along the even tenor of his way, little did he reckon that the work of his hands would continue after him to crown his memory with a reputation of no mean renown. For some obscure reason, a "rage" for red paint gripped the local section. In line with popular fancy, he dipped a lavish brush in red. Red beds and red chests galore came out of his shop, the fine hard woods losing their identity completely under the prevailing blush of carmine.

Doubtless the red against the stark white-washed walls provided a note of color that was pleasing to eyes seeking for beauty. In due course, orders came in for red cradles, too. Some of them are still doing duty in rocking the present generation into Sleepy-land.

Those were simple days. Yuckle and Mary Ann had no thought of over-stuffed furniture, silk bedspreads and fine lace curtains. A diamond ring was the prerogative solely of royalty, as far removed from their aspirations as buying things on tick on the plan of a dollar down and a dollar a week thereafter until death do us part.

Preparing For Marriage

Mary Ann pieced quilts, made haps from the wool clipped off their own

sheep spun cloth, plucked the geese for pillows and feather beds, sewed rag strips together and had them woven into gay-colored carpet.

Yuckle could farm, do his own carpenter work, shoe his horses or half-sole his own cow-hide boots. In short, he was jack of all trades, wholly self-sufficient. A peep into their immaculately clean house, would disclose white-washed walls, bare floors scrubbed to the whiteness of bone except in the rarely used parlor and spare bed-room, which flaunted the bright-striped rag carpet.

Minus clothes closets, strips of wood studded with nails, were fastened along the walls for the purpose of hanging up their garments. Henry Burget's furniture was arranged in stiff position against the chair boards set into the wall.

When Pap and the men folks tilted their chairs against the wall, as was their habit, the chair boards protected the plaster. Right here we can say with authority, that the Henry Burget chairs did not get string-haltered or sway backed under such treatment, and rungs were made for foot rests instead of decoration then.

Some of those chairs have withstood 75 years and more of back tilting and heavy boots and climbing children using the rungs for a ladder. After a hard day's work, Yuckle sat by the stove with his feet propped on the hearth and Mary Ann, occupied with interminable sewing, sat by the table graced by a fat lamp. Their one personal extravagance was "duwock"—tobacco. Yuckle took his out in "chawin'" while Mary Ann, now that she was a settled married woman adopted a clay pipe and took hers out in puffs.

Cradle Was Added Later

By and by, Mr. Burget was given an order for one of those famous red cradles, and as time went on, he was asked to make a trundle bed. This little low bed was pushed under the big parental bed day time. Come night fall, the bed was pulled out far enough to tuck little Yuckle and tiny Mary Ann under the covers, and all was in order for the night.

Here and there in the Cove are rooms that resisting the changing fancies of modernity, look much as they did in the days of the Yuckles and the Mary Anns. Quaintly charming in their simplicity, they give one the feeling of having stepped back into a past century.

Mr. Burget labored under the handicap of blindness in one eye. While blasting rock, he met with an accident that by a miracle escaped being a tragedy. As was the custom then, he tamped the charge of dynamite home with a metal needle. A premature explosion blew the needle into the forehead above the left eye, clipping away a section of the frontal bone and completely destroying the sight in the eye.

Following a long period of illness the skin eventually healed over the fracture in the forehead. But so long as he lived there remained a depression where the piece of bone was missing. This injury in after life in no wise incapacitated him, his natural strength rising superior to it. Nor did it in any way impair the out-put or the quality of his work.

During her later years, Mrs. Burget was rendered totally blind by reason of a flying splinter of wood lodging in one eye, blinding it. The other became so affected, that the

sight in it too was destroyed. This worthy couple were the parents of two children, both daughters, who were born 21 years apart. The elder, Mary, afterward Mrs. Henry Stonerook, was the mother of Henry B. Stonerook, postmaster at Curryville; Simon Stonerook, a realtor of San Diego, California; Mrs. Polly Miller and Frank Stonerook of Henrietta. Mrs. Katherine Frederick, wife of Joseph Frederick, deceased, and Maggie, wife of Ephraim Shoeman, and John Stonerook, all are deceased.

The younger of the Burget sisters was Katherine, wife of Henry Clapper, both of whom also have passed away. The kindness, wit, good humor and the homely virtues which made these folks so lovable and well regarded are the best monument they have left to perpetuate their memories.

HERALDINGS

Without spiritual nourishment the spiritual life becomes weak and powerless.

How often just as we are thinking, "O, what's the use", a word of kindness or of encouragement spurs us on.

From where I sat a spark it seemed

That on the chimney lay;

I moved, and lo, it was a star

Ten thousands miles away.

The chances that today are ours

We must not fail to clasp;

The future holds no promise that

They'll stay where we can grasp.

And, even when appearing near

The prize for which we've sped,

Our viewpoint shifts, and ere we win

We've weary miles to tread.

BLOODY FIGHT WITH ROBBERS

Some energetic book agent, following the break up of the Jesse James gang of bandits, canvassed the Cove, selling books which gave a highly idealistic account of the exploits of the bank robber. This book in many homes was given the place of honor on the parlor table or whatnot alongside the family Bible.

While the dime novel was banished to outer darkness as a lethal mental dose and destroyer of moral integrity, yet Jesse James was something else again. It was alright to read about him because he was supposed to be an awful example of what pitfalls to avoid while progressing along the straight and narrow.

At any rate, at about the time this book was most popular, there were a number of bold burglaries and attempted burglaries in the Cove which may or may not have been incited by perusal of the Jesse James brand of literature. In one instance two would-be James emulators met their match. This escapade happened in 1880.

Henry, George and Catharine Dilling, brothers and sister, all unmarried, lived on the Dilling homestead farm, now owned and occupied by Calvin Baker and family. The farm is located between the Clover Creek and Piney Creek roads in Huston township, a half dozen miles or more north of Martinsburg.

Reported to Have Money

The Dilling's were most estimable folks. Frugal and industrious, they were reputed to have money.

Came a day when their suspicions were aroused by the presence of two

strange men, who came to the house in the afternoon asking Catharine who was alone, her brothers, being at work in the fields, for something to eat. Something about the appearance of the men gave the woman a premonition of trouble. She sensed that there was that about them which set them apart from the usual run of tramps, who beg from door to door. Taking the precaution to lock the door, she kept the men waiting outside while she got them some sandwiches. Their demeanor when they took the food, confirmed her suspicions. They had a hangdog look, a look of robbers.

Henry Rodland, a neighbor, following his daily custom, that evening drove his cows to the spring to water them. Strangely, the beasts refused to pass the barn on the Dilling farm.

The spring lay beyond the barn and the only means of access to it was by the road leading past the barn. The cattle were thirsty but they could not be driven, either by force or persuasion past the barn. Some brute instinct seemed to warn them of danger.

Suspicious Are Confirmed

Greatly puzzled, Mr. Rodland told the Dillings of the inexplicable behavior of the cattle. They were convinced that the wayfarers that called in the afternoon had hidden in the barn to await an opportune time to make an attack.

Mr. Rodland drove his cattle home. The Dillings, after conferring together, decided they would not go to the barn that evening consequently they unhitched the horses in the field, turn-

ing them out to pasture, and stored the harness in the wood house. They then went to the house in imminent expectation of they scarcely knew what menace.

While they were at supper that evening, a knock came at the front door, George opened it. He had no sooner done so than a man made a flying tackle at him, trying to overpower him by sheer surprise and physical force.

A second man leaped inside and grappled with Henry. Then ensued one of the bloodiest and most brutal struggles known in the annals of the Cove. Although the burglars were without fire arms, they were not wholly unarmed, since they wore brass knuckles. But they reckoned without knowledge of the courage of the defenders.

Get Best of Marauders

The Dillings were game. They put up a terrific fight that they actually got the best of the marauders. In the melee the sturdy front door had all of its twelve pannels kicked out. The kitchen cupboard was upset and chairs were tossed about as if a tornado had struck them.

George had succeeded in gradually backing his antagonist to the cellar door. A little more leverage and he could have thrown him down the stairs, thereby imprisoning him in the cellar.

Although he was handicapped by reason of being a cripple, Henry was holding his assailant level. Not to be outdone, Catharine sprang to open a back window with the expectation of running to the dinner bell to summon help. Aware of her intentions, the robber at grips with Henry, loosened his hold and attacked Catharine,

slugging her in the face as she was crawling through the window.

Blinded by the blood streaming down the eyes, the woman, nevertheless reached the bell and rang for dear life. On hearing it, both the burglars broke away from the brothers and made their escape.

Eyes Meet Bloody Sight

The only neighbor to respond to the signal of the bell, was Mr. Rodland, who had continued to feel uneasy following the curious conduct of his cows. When he came to the Dilling home, a bloody sight met his eyes.

Catharine's forehead was laid open by a cut which poured blood over her face, Henry was emptying the blood out of one of his boots and George's face was a mass of bruises.

The kitchen was a wreck, but the Dillings were undismayed. They were still showing the spirit of '76. Catharine carried the scar of the wound she received to the grave.

The identity of the would-be James' never was discovered. They wore masks, but George Dilling always claimed he would have recognized his assailant in case he would have met up with him. But he never did.

The burglars did not emerge from the fracas unscathed. A woman, residing in the neighborhood, had risen at mid-night to sit by the window in consequence of feeling ill. She saw two men stop by the well trough in front of the house, who bathed their faces and arms repeatedly.

Stopped to Wash Blood Off

She could not understand why they washed themselves so thoroughly and for such length of time, until the next day when she heard about the attack on the Dillings. The assumption is

that they were the housebreakers and that they stopped to wash the blood off.

It was recalled also that on the day of the attempted burglary two strangers had inquired at the store at the Mines, a community adjacent to that in which the Dillings lived, for ammunition. For some reason the storekeeper refused to sell them any. Had he done so, this story might have turned into tragedy.

It might have been interesting to the burglars, too, if they had known that Henry had a hundred dollars in his pocket at the time of the attack and that there was considerable money in the house.

Following Catharine Dilling's death which occurred Jan. 22, 1904, Levi D. Acker, her executor, found a large amount of money secreted about the house. In the most unexpected places, nooks and crannies on the attic, in various receptacles in cupboards, chimney corners, bureaus and the cellar, he found different sums which in the aggregate totaled several thousand dollars.

Coins Tarnished With Age

Pieces of the same denomination were stowed together in the same container. Pennies, green with verdigris, nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars, tarnished until they were almost unrecognizable, were found carefully separated, each denomination in a hiding place all its own.

Evidently having scant faith in banks, this good lady over the course of many years stored her savings into what in modern slang would be the equivalent of the old sock. Utilizing innumerable match boxes, jars, crocks and what ever likely recept-

acle was at hand she laid the coins away until the container was full, then put it into hiding, and presumably forgot about it. When the entire store was retrieved, it made quite a sizable sack full.

Jesse James would have had to inaugurate a series of games of "hot beans come to supper" to have tracked his loot to its lair in this instance.

STEADYING UP

By F. C. Dodson

Exodus, Chap. 17

Amalek and Joshua fought,
The rod was held by Moses;
And vict'ry or defeat prevailed—
The story thus discloses
When Moses' hands were held aloft
Then Amalek was vanquished.
But Joshua was on the run,
When Moses tired and languish-
ed.

Now, Hur and Aaron did not say,
"We wonder what's the trouble,"
They saw the place for them to be,
Not single but a double.
And Moses' hands upheld by them
Until the sun was setting
Brought victory, but you no doubt
Will wonder where I'm getting.

Our country needs our earnest
help,
The best we have to offer;
To stop the leaks and bring the
coin
Again into its coffer.
And Hur and Aaron did not do
So much, one way you view it;
If we can help to steady up,
It's up to us to do it.

WAS PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

PART I

Immediately prior to the Civil war a man who was for many years a resident of North Woodbury township, served as chief of the secretarial staff to President James Buchanan and to his attorney general, Jeremiah Black, one time president judge of Blair county, and who in the last year of the term was transferred to the post of Secretary of State.

The man through whose hands passed the momentous correspondence on which hung the fate of the Union, was John M. Cooper, who lived on the Cooper homestead estate three-quarters of a mile south east of Martinsburg. So retiring and unassuming was his life, that few of his friends and associates were aware of the national distinction he had enjoyed during the presidency of Buchanan.

Was Prominent Editor

Fewer still knew that he had earned renown as a poet and political writer. Editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer and at a later period of the Valley Spirit published at Chambersburg before the war, he moulded public sentiment in those sections by editorials that were inflamed with the vital spark of great talent. He wielded a caustic pen in defense of his convictions. And in those stirring days when it was customary to fight out a political combat in the arena of the newspapers, without gloves and without recourse to subterfuge, the readers of Mr. Cooper's weeklies followed his thunderous expositories with avid interest.

He was a close and valued friend of Buchanan and of Judge Black so

long as both lived. During the years of his residence in Blair County, which covered the period of his removal here in the early 80's to his death in 1904, he maintained to his confidantes, that his desire was not to be remembered so much for his literary achievements, federal service and friend of these great men, as for integrity and sincerity of purpose. He always believed an honest man to be the greatest work of God.

Dream Comes True

His association with President Buchanan was the dream of a youth that came true in adult years. While Mr. Cooper was a lad in his native town of Chambersburg, a political rally was held at which the chief speaker was Senator James Buchanan. Little Johnnie Cooper, not fully understanding what all the excitement was about, climbed to a vantage point on the balustrade of a balcony jutting from a building nearby. He saw James Buchanan, and from this perilous perch, he listened to every word of an impassioned political speech. In the heart of the boy there grew the ambition that some day he would get to know this great man and that he should want to be like him.

How they became acquainted is not known, but in course of time they were such friends that Buchanan slated Mr. Cooper for the responsible position of chief of staff of the executive secretaries. Mr. Cooper admired Buchanan above any public man he ever knew. He related to his family incidents and anecdotes which throw a new and different light on the character of Buchanan as the

nation's executive. The North has branded him with the weaknesses of cowardice and indecision.

Time Changes Viewpoint

Seen through the perspective of three score and seven years after the wounds of the conflict have been healed, James Buchanan's efforts to forestall the war are marked by what after all, might be termed sound judgment and statesmanship. His theory was to abolish the institution of slavery by agreement with the slave states wherein the federal government would recompense the owners for the loss of their human chattels. Buchanan was against secession, but also as emphatically he was heart and soul opposed to a fratricidal war. Had he been able to put his policies into execution, perhaps it would have precluded the sacrifice of the hundreds of thousands of the flower of American manhood which was offered up on the altar of fraternal strife. Buchanan to the end of his life contended that it would have been infinitely cheaper to have bought the slaves than to defray the cost of the Civil War.

Advised Case in Money Matters

Buchanan had all the characteristics of the canny Scots, among which was carefulness in money matters. He used to tell Mr. Cooper that a man who endorsed a note for some one lost both his money and his friend. To his sorrow, Mr. Cooper did not heed this advice, and as a consequence lost large sums of money by bailing his friends. He also lost heavily in the fire at Chambersburg in 1863 when a detachment of Confederate troops burned the town in reprisal for destruction of property

worked by the Union soldiers in the South.

Nothing was saved from the Cooper mansion, but the Confederates were more considerate of Mrs. Bankert, a sister of Mrs. Cooper. When the soldiers were about to put the torch to her house, they apologized, saying, "Madam, we do not like to do this, but it's orders." They removed two suites of rosewood parlor furniture, taking the beautiful pieces to safety along the creek side. This furniture, in possession of the only surviving daughter of Mr. Cooper, probably is the only existing memento of the burning of Chambersburg. These are rare relics, and that they are owned by a Blair County woman is a matter for congratulation.

President Was Very Exact

Mr. Cooper was amused in the extreme at an incident which illustrated President Buchanan's exactitude in money transactions. Judge Black, Secretary of State, tendered the president his resignation on an occasion when Mr. Cooper was in conference with the chief executive. Asking for Secretary Black's reason for wanting release from his post, the Secretary replied, "Mr. President, it is a question of money. I am not making enough to meet expenses, but if I resume my private practice of law, I shall be able to make enough."

Without a word of comment the president asked what sum Secretary Black required to meet the emergency. The sum was named. President Buchanan turned to his desk, filled out a check and handed it to Mr. Black, remarking, "I could not dispense with the services of my Secretary of State." Apparently nothing further was said between

them about the transaction. Years afterwards Judge Black paid the obligation. He went to Buchanan and counting out the money, he asked, "Is that right?" Counting carefully, Buchanan finally looked up and said, "Mr. Black, you are short ten cents on the interest." With a laugh, Judge Black reached into his pocket and paid over the dime.

Generous to a fault, yet the Scotch in Buchanan demanded the last cent that was coming to him. Immensely proud of his Scotch ancestry, he kept constantly in his office or in his room a plaid representative of the clan to which his family belonged. Maybe it served to remind him, too, that a penny saved is a penny earned.

PART II

Naturally every student of American history has wondered why the only president of the United States who acknowledged the old Keystone state as the place of his birth, chose to be a bachelor.

As told by a member of the family of John M. Cooper, late of North Woodbury township, who served under Buchanan as private secretary, the reason of the president's celibacy was a tragedy which blasted the romance of his life.

The story was told Mr. Cooper by William Shunk, Buchanan's attorney and intimate friend. A reference to it once made to Mr. Cooper by the president himself and an incident which took place at a public reception at the White House, substantiates the story as true.

Born In Franklin County

Although Buchanan was born in Franklin county, he spent the greater part of his life, not devoted to public

service, in Lancaster. During his last years he maintained his home at Wheatland, a private estate just outside of the city of Lancaster.

It was from Wheatland that Buchanan wrote Mr. Cooper one of the last communications he ever wrote with his own hand. It was in answer to a letter Mr. Cooper sent him felicitating him on his 77th birthday anniversary. The letter which is in possession of the only surviving daughter of Mr. Cooper, is most touching. In it he states that he was blessed with long life, during which he did his duty as the convictions of his heart and conscience dictated.

He further detailed that he had been subject to calumny and malice, but that he was thankful he had followed the only course that was compatible with his principles. He died shortly thereafter.

But what has all this to do with an affair of the heart? Well, we're coming to that. And this is the story as it was told to the present writer.

When Buchanan was a young man urged by ambition to seek the honors which later were heaped upon him, he became engaged to a young lady living in Lancaster. The course of true love was progressing satisfactorily to all parties concerned until the young man went on a fateful trip to Philadelphia.

Met Friends On Train

He had been to the City of Brotherly Love in the interest of business. Returning to Lancaster by train, he met a lady of his acquaintance and her young daughter, both of whom were enroute to their home in Lancaster.

Feeling it incumbent upon him to extend them the courtesies due to

women traveling alone from a gentlemen they knew, Buchanan entered into conversation with them and remained with them throughout the journey. Arriving at their destination, he discovered the ladies would be obliged to go home alone since no one had come to the station to meet them. As was almost obligatory under the circumstances, he escorted them home.

Now it so happened that a brother of Buchanan's fiancée also was on the train. Needless to say, he was an interested observer of what took place between Buchanan and his fellow travelers.

Bidding the ladies goodnight at their door, Buchanan proceeded directly home. After eating his evening meal, bathing and changing his clothes, he decided it was too late to call on his affianced, as he had promised to do.

The fact that he was very tired, following the strain of the conference in Philadelphia probably had something to do in influencing him to decide to go to bed instead of setting forth to see his sweetheart. At any rate, he deferred his call until the next day.

Buchanan Turned Away

When he sought admittance to her home on the following day, a servant informed him, "Not at home," and Buchanan was turned away. He next wrote the young lady a letter. It was returned unopened. Mutual friends broke the news that the family of his fiancée were making preparations for a trip abroad. On the eve of their departure for Europe, the girl committed suicide.

Buchanan sent a letter to her father begging permission to come to

the funeral service as a mourner. This request, too, was denied, his petition having been returned unopened.

At a public reception given at the White House during Buchanan's presidency the brother of the dead girl appeared in the line of visitors who sought to shake hands with the chief executive.

When it came the brother's turn to come before the president, the latter put his right hand behind his back. In a voice of cold condemnation he denounced him, saying, "Sir, I cannot shake hands with you. You are the murderer of your sister."

On the occasion when Buchanan started to confide the story as related above to Mr. Cooper, the latter was moved by a sense of embarrassment to change the trend of the conversation. In after years he regretted accession of the sentiment which induced his reluctance to hear the story. He felt it might have been in the nature of relief to Buchanan.

PART III

Whether President Buchanan was right or wrong, one has to give him credit for his unwavering determination to prevent the Civil war.

In a letter he wrote to his close and loyal friend, John M. Cooper, deceased, who lived near Martinsburg, a few week's preceding the writer's death, June 1, 1868, he remarked that he had been the object of calumny and malice, but he was glad that he had held to the course mapped out by heartfelt convictions.

No doubt the widows and orphans and sorrowing parents whose loved ones paid the price of war, oftentimes wondered whether the slaughter was

justified. Be that as it may, Buchanan did all he could to forestall the conflict.

It is possible the time may come when the country at large will give him credit for the sterling honesty and sincerity which caused him to try to stay the current of oncoming events which overflowed into the maelstrom of war.

Text of Letter

At least he was opposed to suppression of free speech as well as the needless harshness of the Federal reconstruction program, as the following letter written to Mr. Cooper will show.

"Wheatland, Feb. 26, 1866.

"Dear Sir:

"Please purchase for me \$5.00 worth of the address of W. Shunk at Bedford. Desire to present them to the Young Men's Democratic club.

"The more I reflect upon it, the more am I startled with the order of the Commander-in-Chief placing the troops of eleven states of the Union under control of the army. And yet this does not seem to have alarmed the country. The order to devastate the Shenandoah Valley, though cruel in itself, is against the laws of modern war and without example in the practice of civilized nations for nearly two centuries; yet it is a single act not comparable to the disastrous enactment with the right claimed to suppress public journals of the country by absolute mandate of the military authority.

Your friend,

"JAMES BUCHANAN"

An excerpt from another letter from Buchanan indicates that he was not above enjoying a good meal. Evidently a good dinner was an in-

ducement he did not always set aside for business, as the following will bear witness:

"Wheatland Nov. 24, 1865.

"Dear Sir:

"I regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to see Mr. Smith and yourself tomorrow afternoon. There has been a chowder dinner on hand for some time at W. Brechon's and I have promised to be there tomorrow.

(Here more of a personal nature follows).

"Your friend always,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

Final Letter Still Exists

Later letters make mention of impaired health. The last one written just before his death has a fatalism and finality that gives the impression that Buchanan believes his course has been run and the final goal post made. In retrospect he finds nothing that he would undo. This is in the letter which, as was mentioned heretofore, is still cherished by the daughter, who lives on the old Cooper homestead southeast of Martinsburg.

During Buchanan's career, he stopped frequently at the Bedford Springs hotel. This celebrated hostelry was as well-known then as a fashion and health resort as Saratoga Springs.

It was the scene of many brilliant social functions. Many names in the highest scale of the American social and business directory were spread on the desk register at Bedford Springs. The great and their satellites were familiar figures to the hotel habitués.

It would be interesting to know how many residents of Morrisons Cove were present at some of these

high society affairs. The present writer knows of at least one. Mrs. Benjamin W. Slick, who lived south of Roaring Spring until her death in 1923, shook hands with President Buchanan at a reception given in his honor at Bedford Springs.

PART IV

If you go into Court Room No. 1 in the courthouse at Hollidaysburg you will see the portraits of the president judges of Blair county, past and present.

The first one on the east wall, hanging to the left of the judge's bench, is a likeness of the Hon. Jeremiah Sullivan Black, who began his upward climb to the highest judicial honors of the land as the first judge in what is now Blair county.

Look at that face! Strong, intellectual, with powerful nose and steady eyes deep sunken under a jutting brow, it is the face of a thinker and a man of unyielding will.

Going from one honor to the other, he served as minister to Russia, Attorney General of the United States under President James Buchanan and during the last months of the term he was transferred to the highest post in the cabinet, that of Secretary of State.

Was An Able Lawyer

He was conceded to be one of the ablest lawyers in the country. His sound judgment was an anchor which stayed the government in midstream when the passions loosed by the most critical time in the Republic threatened to wreck it.

After Judge Black resumed his private practice of law, he was one of the counsellors for President Andrew Johnson at the latter's impeachment trial and also helped to defend

Samuel J. Tilden before the Electoral Commission when the climacteric Hayes—Tilden contest for president was staged.

Judge Black was not, however, a native of Blair county. He was born in Stony Creek township in Somerset county. His life story was another shining example of an American boy who surmounted poverty and a discouraging environment to attain the high goal set by ambition and the will to do.

While he was on the bench in Blair county from its formation in 1846 for a period of 10 years, he served a circuit which included a block of southern counties including Blair, Cambria, Bedford, Somerset and several others. His interpretation of the law was recognized as masterly and given without fear or favor.

He will be remembered for his exposition of constitutional law wherein he defined the exercise of federal authority without infringement on the rights of the states.

Was Very Absent-minded

Now Judge Black was exceedingly absent-minded. In fact, were all the lapses of which he was guilty, compiled together, he likely would be hailed as the champion of them all.

John M. Cooper, late Morrisons Cove resident and secretary to President Buchanan, who was an intimate friend of the eminent jurist, told many laughing incidents that had to do with this peculiar aberration.

The following two stories, told the present writer by a daughter of Mr. Cooper, are illustrative of the comicalities this characteristic gave rise to.

Judge Black frequently presided at

circuit court held at Somerset. When he went on a trip, his wife made it a habit to give her husband specific last minute reminders to stimulate his memory. At this particular time she enjoined him above everything else, to see to it that he should put on a clean shirt each morning that he remained away. The judge promised faithfully that he would attend to this important detail. He actually did remember to don a clean shirt each day. But on his return home, never a sign of the soiled laundry could Mrs. Black discover in her spouse's traveling bag.

Mystery of the Shirts

Wondering what had become of

them, she asked, "Mr. Black, whatever became of the shirts you took off?"

"I don't know. It's as much of a mystery to me as to you. I put a clean one on each morning, just as you said."

But that night when the couple was about to retire, the mystery was solved. Judge Black took off his shirt and behold! underneath it was another one. He peeled that one off and there was still another and another. He was wearing a shirt for each day he had been at court.

"Do you know, I thought my collar band was getting tight," was the only reference he made to the incident.

TAR MAKING WAS AN ART

It carries the imagination back over a long trail to call up a time when Morrisons Cove was self-sustaining. Our not - so-far-removed forefathers had to raise or make everything they used in the home or on the farm.

They supplied their needs with their own hands. We get ours out of the stores.

Great Granddaddy got up at 4.30 in the morning, pulled hickory pants up over his homemade shirt, donned homemade socks and with many grunts and violent muscular effort, inserted his feet into cow hide boots. Neighbor Kiesielnickle had made out of old Sukey's hide after her best milch days were spent and her tough old steaks were required for table consumption.

The hat he wore Great Grandmother had made out of the fleece of the obstreperous old black ram, which challenged the right-of-way through the pasture bars every time one of the younger members of the family was sent to bring in the cows.

Hat Lasted Ten Years

That hat may not have been shaped according to the glass of fashion, but how it wore! If it wore out in less than ten or twenty years, Grandmother got the dickens. Something must have gone wrong with her weaving.

When Granddaddy got to the barn he threw the hay down from the mow with a fork he had made himself. He harnessed the horses with sets of gears made from leather produced on his own farm, and hitched them to a

wagon made from his own lumber.

His barn, his house, his equipment, what he ate and what he wore, all were home products.

Before the discovery of local iron mines he put up his buildings without nails, joining the different parts together with wooden pegs instead. Why Granddaddy would not have known what to do with a mail order catalogue.

Art of Making Hub Salve

Did it ever occur to you to wonder where the tar came from with which the old-timers greased the big, cumbersome wagons they used? They made their own axle-grease.

Here and there in the community were tar burners. These men gathered pine knots and stacked them up in great pits which were built around a trough which ran through the center of the base. The outside of the pit was daubed or plastered with mud on the same principle as that employed in lime stacks, to insure slow burning.

Fire was set to the stack, columns and clouds of thick black smoke curled above it, acrid fumes were disseminated throughout the neighborhood and slowly, the pitch boiled out of the pine and trickled into the trough.

It was quite an art to build a tar pit. The slightest mis-calculation in its construction, set the whole project awry. If air was drawn in too freely, combustion broke into flames and the whole thing went up in a giant bon fire, thereby consuming the pitch in the conflagration. If not sufficient air was admitted, the fire only charred a portion of the stack and went out altogether.

But when all went according to

Hoyle, the tar sizzled into the trough merrily, each pit generating a large quantity of prime hub salve.

Cured That Tired Feeling

A by-product was tar water. This rather nauseous stuff was alleged to possess medicinal properties. It purified your blood, toned up your system and translated aches and pains into joyous well being. Consequently at every drawing off of the tar, the neighbors congregated with jugs and pails to take home some of the salubrious tar water. Tar water, sulphur and 'lasses, sassafras tea, boneset, sage, camomile and wormwood were regarded as Nature's own remedies.

They were the fundamental requisites of every medicine chest and were resorted to in something of the same faith that inspires our modern sun worshipers. Little did those pioneers, in their struggle to clothe themselves ever give a thought to a time when their "great-greats" in the line of decent, would consider a two by four bathing suit sufficient protection against Old Sol, as well as an adequate sop to modesty.

Great Grandmother wore a slatted sun bonnet built on the lines of a covered wagon to insure her complexion against acquiring a coat of tan. A sun burn on a limb would have been a badge of outrageousness in those good, old, strait-laced days.

Pioneers Had Ingenuity

The foregoing is designed to give an idea of how the pioneers came by the contents of the tar bucket which dangled from the tail end of each wagon, and which was an indispensable adjunct to traveling. It furnished another example of the hard work and ingenuity that are required when man is thrown on his own resources

in the struggle for existence against the odds put up by nature.

It is a favorite theme of story writers to imagine their leading characters abandoned on an uninhabited island. The contrivances they invent to sustain themselves when pitted against the merciless rigor of the wilderness, with no weapons except their brains and hands, is supposed to stimulate the interest of the reader to a high pitch.

Such is the setting of early Morrisons Cove history. What more moving tale could be written or imagined than the actual experiences of the hardy pioneers in the taming of the wilderness to the yoke and the plow. Unflagging industry and the will to do or die translated the trackless forest into the harvest field and made the jungle blossom with the fruits of the orchard and garden.

IN DAYS WHEN MEN WERE MEN

"Mam, Mam! Come out once and look at Pap back from the election. He's got a black eye, yet, and his face's skun up sumthin' awful."

"Ay, vell, I've said this long time already that if Pap don't quit his fighting, they'll fetch him home sometime with his head broke."

"Yes, but he says he give Sam Yarrow a gore schondlich lickin'."

Grudging admiration in her tone Mam went for the liniment bottle, grumbling the while at her husband's pugilistic propensities.

Many conversations similar to the above took place between mother and small son back in the days when the iron furnaces and the forges were in full blast in the Cove. Iron men operated them, too. Tales of the prodigious feats of strength they performed and of their prowess in the free for all fights which invariably were staged on holidays, and particularly, on election and mustering days, formed sagas, which told in district homes during winter evenings, were equally as thrilling as the exploits of Robber David Lewis, the famed Tarzan and

Robin Hood of the Alleghanies. Given a Harold Lamb to immortalize them in literature, these Cove strong men in point of physical might would be almost on a par with the Christian Crusaders.

Election Day Brawls

'Squire John H. Nicodemus remembers many an election day brawl which would make the modern prize fight look like a peace and good will celebration. With voice energized by a vitality his 92 years have failed to dim, he tells of the brawny forge and furnace men of early Cove history. Solid bone and muscle from the ground up, with barrel chests and gigantic shoulders, there was something doing when these fellows went out looking for trouble.

The leading political parties then were the Democratic and the Whig. The employes at the furnaces usually were of the same political complexion as the managers. John McCurran, an ardent Democrat, was manager at Rebecca Furnace. On days when "The Democratic Standard", Hollidaysburg weekly newspaper was due

in the mail, it was a familiar sight to see Mr. McCurran ride in to Martinsburg astride his little roan horse. Homeward bound, with head buried in the paper which he held spread out in front of him, he rode on utterly unconscious of his surroundings, the little roan picking his way without direction or guidance from his master.

Mike Berry, a staunch Whig, was manager at Maria Forges. Here was a situation ready made that stimulated altercation. On election days the iron workers cleared out the coal beds and after voting, proceeded to make a day of it in town. These coal beds deserve a paragraph to themselves. They were really enormous wagons, the beds being high Noah's ark-like structures, built of heavy planks of hewed oak, for the purpose of hauling charcoal.

Trains of Mule Teams

The charcoal consisted of partially burned wood, which was charred in the mountains from great piles of lumber, which the woodsmen's contingent of the furnaces had spent the winter in preparing. While still smoking hot the charcoal was loaded on to the coal beds. Each was drawn by eight or ten pairs of mules which were driven by a muleteer, blackened by his stock in trade until he was as dark-hued as the ace of spades. Long trains of these Morrisons Cove mule teams, with their smoking cargoes, were a picturesque sight as they wound their way over the rutted trails leading to the furnaces.

Once in a while the smouldering charcoal burst into flames enroute. When this happened, the drivers had recourse to the heavy wooden pails which always swung from the tail

end of the coal beds as a concession to emergency. Made of cumbersome staves, and with a capacity of probably ten gallons, it was a man-sized job to handle them. Lashing the mules unmercifully, the drivers got up full speed ahead to the nearest water.

No question about it, those were days when men were men with blood flowing through their veins. Flowed freely, too, from nose and split lips when old grudges were being fought out, or when local championships were decided. No science was used, the combat being reduced to the stark elements of brute strength. Naked fists were the weapons, and when a man was downed his victorious opponent, as likely as not, "stomped" him with hob-nailed boots.

Hero In Eyes of Young

Perhaps the best-known strong man was "Pete" Gates, who lived in or near Loysburg Gap. In his later years Mr. Gates espoused religion and lived an exemplary life. As a quiet, mild-mannered old gentleman, he frequently expressed regret at what he termed his riotous youth. However, when he was in his prime, his was a name to conjure with. Oft told tales had augmented his reputation to almost mythical proportions. To the thrilled imaginations of the children, as they sat listening to their elders, he appeared to be half hero; half ogre.

His advent at any gathering was an open challenge to anyone, so inclined, to come out and get him. Victory, oft repeated, had made him cocky. Only one instance is known of his backing down. This was when he encountered Jacob Miller, late of Woodbury. Mr. Miller in after years

served as elder of the Woodbury congregation of the Church of the Brethren. A man of peace and solid virtues, he looked the part of a patriarch and his influence was in keeping with his appearance.

Of formidable size and strength, any one looking for a fight, would have thought twice before tackling him. However he never tried out his his strength against his fellow man. Almost unbelievable stories are told illustrative of the power of this Cove giant. One of them goes like this.

Drank Other's Liquor

On an occasion during his young manhood when Mr. Miller had ordered a glass of liquor at the country store, a smart aleck stranger shoved alongside, and seizing the glass, tossed off the drink, before Mr. Miller could interfere. Paying no apparent attention to this affront, Miller quietly ordered another. Again the insolent stranger reached to take the glass.

Without a word, Miller seized a three-bushel bag of clover seed which leaned against the counter, and with one hand flung the 150 pound weight in front of the fellow with a bang that nearly split the boards. This reminder spoke more forcibly than words, for the stranger slunk away as quickly and as unobtrusively as he could.

Another incident took place at a saw mill in the vicinity of Woodbury. The men who were loading the logs on the saw carriage, had hoisted one on that was so long it tilted backward. One of them remarked that if they could put another log underneath, it would hold up the one on the carriage at a proper angle. Mr. Miller, who was standing by exclaim-

ed, "Here's one that'll do". Suiting the action to the word, he lifted up a log lying by him, that was heavy enough to tax the strength of two or three men, and threw it in place with apparent ease.

Tried to Pick Fight

One winter day while Mr. Miller was driving a sled along the road in the vicinity of Woodbury, he found his way blocked by Pete Gates, who was driving from the opposite direction. With a tug on the lines and a call of "Gee!" to his lead horse, Mr. Miller tried to pass the other team. Each time he did so, Mr. Gates pulled his team over so as to bar the way.

He repeated this stunt time and time again, until at length Miller's patience was exhausted. His "dander up," he jumped off the sled, grabbed hold of a hatchet and took after Gates with blood in his eye. The latter, deciding on discretion as the better part of valor, went on his way without further molestation, technically a defeated man.

Another event which brought out the iron workers in force, as well as the countryside in general, was mustering day. Prior to the organization of the National Guard, men received military training in the states' militia. At stated times the companies held a formal drill or mustering day. 'Squire Nicodemus was a member of the local artillery company which was commanded by Captain Anthony Morrow.

In 1857 the company held a muster in a grove, now cleared, which stood on the Grafius farm, south of Martinsburg. Having sustained a broken finger sometime previous, the squire was unable to take active part in the

drill. He, therefore, stood on the lines among the spectators.

Sammy Lysinger Took Part

Samuel B. Lysinger, late of Martinsburg, afterwards a school teacher and justice of the peace, a man well-known and highly esteemed by middle-aged and the older residents of the Cove, who will recall him with a feeling of pleasure and respect, helped to fire the cannon.

An inter-company contest was being waged for the honor of the most rapid firing. The cannon was a muzzle loader, which required the tamping of the shell into place with the ram-rod. For the sake of safety, the muzzle had to be swabbed thoroughly following each shot. Probably, by reason of the hurry engendered by the ambition to win the record, the gun had not been properly cleaned. At

any rate, while Mr. Lysinger was tamping the charge home, it exploded prematurely, tearing off his right hand and shattering the arm so severely as to necessitate its amputation.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since those old times in the Cove. The passing years have rung in decisive changes. Then no one could have possibly foreseen that the iron industry was doomed to extinction. But far from ruining the fair prospects of this lovely valley, it has brought about better conditions.

The exchange of iron manufacturing for dairying has seemed to change the character of the social conditions, as well as the character of the landscape. The day of the local bully and the free for all fights has passed into history.

ZERO WEATHER AND NO FIRE

"Rachael, Rachael, get up. The fire's out. You'll have to run to Neighbor Rhodes' and get us some hot coals as quickly as you can."

Rachael Hagerty opened eyes heavy with sleep on a cold and cheerless scene. The temperature was at zero and howling gusts of wind had blown snow through chinks in the log cabin, which lay in little drifts here and there over the feather bed under which she was warmly snuggled and on the bare floor of the little bed chamber under the eaves in which she slept.

No use shivering and putting off the dread prospect of climbing out of that good warm bed. The parental

voice had spoken and prompt obedience was exacted.

Hence Rachael threw back the downy feather bed and with almost the same movement took the plunge out of bed. No sooner had her bare feet touched the floor than she began drawing on heavy woolen stockings. Without a single lost motion, she slipped into her flannel dress and in a trice she had darted down the stairs to get her shoes which she had left to toast by the now bleakly darkened fire place.

Went In Quest of Fire

Throwing a shawl over her head and shoulders, and taking the long handled warming pan from its accus-

tomed position at the side of the fire place, she dashed headlong for the log stable. Leaping to the back of old Ned, the big raw boned plow horse, she galloped off in quest of fire.

The above description is not mere fabrication of the imagination. It actually happened. And not in the New England states or some other remote place, but in Morrisons Cove.

Can you imagine a time before there were matches and kerosene? The plight which confronted the pioneer settlers of the Cove on cold mornings when the fire had gone out, was but little less than tragical.

The only recourse was to hurry off to the nearest neighbor in the hope that they had retained their fire over night.

Rachael Hagerty, afterward wife of Samuel Haffly, lived in what is now the Jerry Haffly homestead, located off Hickory Bottom at a distance of a couple of miles south east of Curryville. She is buried in the Diehl's Cross Roads cemetery nearby.

The inscription on her tomb stone states that she died in 1892, aged 93 years, 3 months and 20 days. Thus she had been born a half year or so before Washington died. She was the link which connected the present writer farthest back into actual experience of local pioneer history.

Had her recollections and reminiscences been preserved, they would furnish a dramatically interesting summation of the early settlement of Morrisons Cove.

Picture of Gracious Old Age

The writer recalls her as a little, bright-eyed figure, standing at the front gate of her daughter, Mrs. Mary (Muz) Burget's home in Curryville, now the property of Mrs. Molly Law

Smith. With a puffed black cap on her head and a bordered breakfast shawl about her shoulders, Granny Haffly was a picture of gracious old age.

Alert quick in her movements, she was in full possession of her faculties until she drew her last breath. Furthermore she could read without spectacles.

But that was not what impressed a certain little girl who passed the gate on her way to school. Granny's daughter had married the little girl's great-grandfather, Isaac Z. Burget, she having been his second wife. Therefore in a way Granny was related. According to the child's way of thinking relations were harmless, but for some reason the little girl was afraid of Granny.

It is to be suspected that the old lady, by way of amusing herself, had shaken her cane once or twice at this tiny graft on her family tree. Be that as it may, when Muz Burget stood at the gate with Granny, the youngster was honored to exchange courtesies and to answer questions as to the health of Grandmother Shriver and the family in general. But when Granny stood there alone, the little girl made a detour through Isaac Latshaw's field, pretending that she did not see a disquieting presence at the gate.

Born On Atlantic Ocean

To come back to Granny. She was born on the Atlantic ocean. To explain that fact, we must turn back to another story.

We see a beautiful estate in Ireland belonging to a country gentleman, a member of the Irish aristocracy. His daughter, reared in the lap of luxury, stands a suppliant before

her father. Torn between love and duty owing to her parents, she had finally yielded to the plea of her heart and had eloped with the family coachman.

Sternly denying forgiveness, her father forbids her ever to enter his door and forthwith disinherits her. The bride in this dramatic episode in course of time became Granny Haffly's mother. The young couple drifted to London. Having difficulty in making a living, they at length turned their faces towards the west and sought to better their fortunes in America. During the voyage to the New World, their first child Rachel Hagerty was born.

Apparently they settled in the Cove. The denouement of this story book episode from real life is that they did not live to regret their choice, in spite of the hardships to which they were subjected in establishing their home in the wilderness. They became comfortably fixed and saw to it that their children were reared in line with blue stocking Presbyterian traditions and that they were given every educational advantage the resources of the pioneers offered.

Their progeny, who are numbered among the Cove's most substantial and respected citizens, can point to these, their ancestors, with pride. Denied every luxury and almost every comfort, they grimly gave themselves over to making the best of a hard situation.

Cooked Over an Open Fire

Can you imagine any modern housekeeper looking on a wash board as a gift from God, so to speak? Well Granny Haffly did. When she was

young, she and her mother washed out the clothes by hand in a neighboring stream. A wash board was a grand and glorious improvement. They cooked over an open fire in the fire place.

Everything they used was raised or manufactured on the farm. They spun and wove cloth made from the wool or flax produced on their own farm, made furniture from their own trees, used honey instead of sugar, browned rye and chickory for coffee; raised their meat, fruits and vegetables; boiled soap with lye leached from wood ashes, brewed medicines from herbs and roots, made pillows filled with feathers plucked from their own geese, and they probably tanned hides from their own cattle to make their boots and shoes.

The Hagerty farm, and subsequently the Haffly farm, were self-sustaining. Those were the days when the farmer was truly independent. Monarch of his domain, he was not any man's tool. Less yet, his fool. Thrown on his own resources, it bred in him a self-respect and an analytical turn of mind which has been the bed-rock of the American spirit of liberty and equality.

Oxen Give Way to Locomotive

Well, Granny lived to see the crudities of pioneer living give way to the march of modern invention. Comforts and conveniences never dreamed of by her mother whilst she was surrounded by the symbols of her father's wealth, were installed in her home.

Music books and pictures gave opportunities for cultural enjoyment. She lived to see the slow plodding oxen and the swifter paced horse

transportation being superseded by the speed of the locomotive.

One can scarcely conceive of the changes which were ushered in during the span of her life time. From Washington to the gay nineties covers a lot of history and a multitude of upheavals in modes of living, political experiments and trend of thought.

She lived through the War of 1812, the Mexican and the Civil Wars. She saw America rise from spindling incertitude of infancy to the world power.

And didn't she laugh when her little granddaughter, Ellen Burget, now Mrs. William Curry of Juniata, in company with Maggie Latshaw, now Mrs. John Summers, of Lakemont, crossed pins on the railway track so that the wheels of the train, running over them, would make little shears.

There was the time one rather dark evening when one of the Snowberger boys, with coat pulled over his head jumped out at them and scared them so badly that they never made another pair of the fairy shears.

Burning Sheaf of Wheat

Granny was well informed. She enjoyed reading. But there was one thing she never could explain.

Her daughter, Mrs. Mary Burget, when a girl, had joined a crowd of young people who walked from Hickory Bottom to Woodbury to attend a community social gathering at the latter place. While they were returning home through the woods which then stood in the Hickory Bottom district and which shadowed either side of the road, the entire crowd witnessed a phenomenon which held them for the moment of its passing in speechless amazement.

Plainly before their eyes, something which had the appearance of a burning sheaf of wheat, arose out of the ground at one side of the road and floated in the air to the other side where it instantaneously snapped out. Cogitate as they would, none of them could ever figure out the solution to this strange apparition.

This is just another reputable example in proof of the fact that our forefathers did see things which can not be explained by means of the laws governing the physical universe. Call them hallucinations or what you will, they were actual manifestations to them.

Maybe they were compensatory innovations to provide thrills which a later age furnishes via movies, air planes and high powered locomotion.

To reconstruct the conditions in the Cove which our forefathers faced, gives us a lesson in courage, self-denial and frugality which should by comparison cause us to more fully appreciate the comforts and pleasures of modern living.

What we accept as commonplaces, would have seemed heavenly to them. Yet in the midst of unrelieved hardships, they managed to cultivate the graces of character and the sturdy virtues which make their memory blessed.

HERALDINGS

Nature is the great teacher, preacher, healer, friend and guide.

All kinds of people make up all kinds of a world.

Money is the least part of true success, and the world is no judge as to whether a person has failed or succeeded.

SAM KINNEY'S "GOLD MINE"

During the epoch when the iron ore mines were yielding their treasures so prodigally for manufacture of rails on the nation's railroads, Samuel Kinney conceived the idea that there was gold in Tussey mountain.

Mr. Kinney lived along the public highway leading from Roaring Spring to Woodbury. It would be interesting to know how he got the notion that gold was hidden away in the fastness of old Tussey.

Did he prospect with a forked peach branch?

Many of us remember individuals in our community who were water smellers. These peculiarly gifted folks located wells by use of the magic peach twig.

In their hands, the twig turned violently downward, when they stood above a strong subterranean stream, as though some invisible force were drawing it toward the earth.

Many Have Seen Vision

Perhaps Mr. Kinney resorted to some such occult medium to "smell out" his gold mine. Perhaps he was impelled to take up his pick and shovel in answer to a dream or vision which visited his nightly couch. Or the lure of the hope of getting rich quickly may have instilled faith that luck would be with him.

At any rate he started to sink a couple of shafts on top of the mountain in proximity to the old wagon road which led from Henrietta, via Miller's blacksmith shop, to Saxton. In due course of time the community was aroused to a high pitch of excitement by the broadcasting of the

news, "Sam Kinney has found gold!" The doubting Thomases now had something to think about. All along, these skeptics had scouted the theory that gold would be found. They were from Missouri and had to be shown.

Well, here was the ore as proof. A curious looking mass it was, too. Marked with shining specks of yellow that looked like gold, what could it be except gold?

Turned Out to Be Copper

The Tussey mountain gold mine was organized; stock certificates were printed and salesmen were sent out to sell the shares. Specimens were sent to metallurgists to be assayed and lo! the gold had turned out to be copper. The assay showed heavy deposits of copper. Well, that was as good as gold. There is big money in copper.

Metallurgists from big smelting corporations arrived. They investigated thoroughly but alas for Mr. Kinney's fair dream, they could not find a trace of metal of any kind. So the Tussey Mountain Gold mine, with all its prospects of wealth, petered out.

In the meantime selling sharks had got hold of some of the stock. They kept on foisting it on an unsuspecting public long after Mr. Kinney had abandoned the mine in despair. In fact a few years ago, it was reported by travelers that it was still being sold on the Pacific coast.

Old Madam Rumor got busy. Soon a story was afloat which purported to explain the presence of copper in the ore which the metallurgists had analyzed.

It was said that a certain employe of the Cambria Iron company secretly had collected brass bearings and odds and ends he found lying around the ore banks and proceeded to smelt them at his blasksmith forge with ore taken out of the alleged gold mine. The resulting mass was "planted" in the mine, most likely unbeknown to Mr. Kinney, and that was the product that yielded the surprisingly high percentage of copper.

Cow Came Out of Mine

The mines at the present time are caved in and grown over with brush. A few years ago one of M. N. Bridenbaugh's cows fell in one of the shafts. When she was rescued that perhaps was the most valuable thing that ever came out of the mine.

While the shaft was being excavated, one of the workingmen, who was burrowing towards China, was Jacob Benner, late of the Henrietta district. He was down about fifty feet. It was customary to lower a jug of drinking water as he required it, by means of the windlass which was used to carry the loose earth and rocks to the surface.

On an occasion the handle of the jug broke off as it was being started downward. The jug whizzed apast Mr. Benner's head, missing him by a hair's breadth. What issued forth from the mine then was not gold nuggets either.

All this happened at least fifty years ago, but Sam Kinney's gold mine was regarded as such a hugh joke in Morrisons Cove, that even today, mention of it to the old timers, provokes guffaws of laughter.

HERALDINGS

While it may not be good that a person should be alone continually, there can be no question but that it would be better for each of us to have some time with ourselves for meditation, taking stock, and thinking things through in general.

You may fail seventy times seven and in the next trial succeed.

That we may remain humble is possibly the reason that "our thorn in the flesh" is not removed.

We will never know complete peace until we yield our wills to His complete guidance.

We have gone crazy in the pursuit of money and pleasure, with returning sanity will come a change in business conditions.

With jobs scarce and much idle time wonderful opportunities for self-improvement are presented; a correspondence course, reading good books. Be ready for your chance when it comes.

This is not original but how true; "A political platform is like a passenger car platform—not made to stand on, just to get in on."

Without ever losing would we know the job of success?

More people have failed because they stopped too soon than because of lack of ability.

In school we often thought we had fooled the teacher when we had fooled ourselves; you may think the same about your job or your boss, and later discover yourself to be the fool.

We wish for leisure time and then do not know what to do with it when we have it.

Shallow thinking produces shallow results.

CHURCH IS HAVEN FOR HORSES

Following the burning of Chambersburg by the Confederates in 1863 the residents of Morrisons Cove were in almost constant terror of an invasion by the enemy. The highways through the mountain passes were barricaded and every precaution was taken to provide self-defense.

A fort near Rodman guarded the entrance to Roaring Spring. Emplacements in readiness for the mounting of cannon were installed in Loysburg Gap, and along the roads which crossed Tussey mountain, connecting Henrietta with Saxton; Fredericksburg with Marklesburg and Beavertown with McConnelstown.

Holes were dug in which to bury valuables, and horses were hidden in every conceivable hiding places which seemed adequate for the purpose. The people in a fever of anticipation were ready to flee to the woods at a moment's notice.

Horses Hid In Church

Details of the men folks took turns at standing guard over the horses which were secreted in chasms and abysses in the mountains. It is said that some of the animals even were given sanctuary in the Cross Roads Church of the Brethren located between Curryville and Henretta. In fact, it is amusing now to learn of the contrivances people resorted to protect their belongings.

"If you don't watch out, the Rebels will get you," was a threat sufficiently coercive to work a sudden change of heart in mischievous little chaps who got out of bounds. The dreaded Rebs were an ever present menace.

While sentiment was almost unanimously in favor of the Union, yet a few Confederate sympathizers could be found here and there. They were hardy souls, as it was extremely unhealthy to express that kind of preference out loud. They were likely to subject themselves to severe treatment.

When Sir Walter Raleigh stood on the scaffold in readiness to lay his head on the block, he asked the headsman to let him see the axe, which was about to be used as the instrument of execution. Running his finger along the keen edge, he remarked, "It's a sharp medicine, but it cures all diseases." The rougher element in the Cove knew of a cure equally as efficacious to be applied to alleged traitors.

How Traitors Were Treated

A gang of lumbermen working in the woods near Waterside challenged another gang they met up with, "Union or Confederate?" A voice responded, "Confederate."

"Who was that?" sang out the challengers.

"Me," answered the "yellow belly," thereby making himself known.

Immediately the challengers knotted a noose in a rope, looped it about the man's neck and slung the other end over a convenient limb of a tree. Pulling on the rope until their victim dangled in the air, they demanded, "Say 'Confederate' now." The fellow managed to gasp "Union" and they let him go free.

It was back in these exciting days that the little village of Beavertown situate along the Clover Creek road

five miles north from Fredericksburg had the worst scare in its history.

Some of the village lads went up Tussey mountain, which flanks the village on the east, bent on hunting chestnuts. That, of course, was decades before the foreign born chestnut blight devastated our trees, thereby destroying not only the trees, but one of the most enjoyable recreations of the citizens of our commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Thought Rebels Were Here

All fared well until the youths heard a crashing in the forest. Thump, crash, bump! a mighty noise echoed along the mountain side. There was but one explanation. The Rebels were coming.

Frightened nearly out of their skins, the boys ran for home as fast as they could go, stones and rocks set in motion by their headlong flight and thundering down the mountain, aided not their peace of mind. They were convinced General Robert E. Lee and the entire Confederate army were after them.

As they approached the village, their cries, "The Rebels are coming!" caused profound consternation. Women took up their children, men flew to cache their valuables; each one sought to save those of their possessions on which their hearts were set but in the excitement of the moment making some queer and unaccountable choices.

There was much aimless running hither and yon in the vain hope that a safe refuge would present itself, but none seemed forthcoming.

Tar Burner Was Cause

Tensely waiting in their places of concealment, nothing happened. No Rebels appeared. Eventually Ellick McMaster came home and the mys-

tery was made clear. Ellick McMaster was a tar burner. He was accustomed to gather pine knots on the mountain from which he boiled pitch.

These knots, remaining from the giant yellow pines which had blown over or were felled by the woodsmen, were found in abundance then. The minds of the chestnut hunters, steeped in fear from constant anticipation of a southern invasion, magnified the reverberations of the pine knots as Mr. McMaster stacked them together, as the sound of an army on the march. The faster they ran, the more Rebels seemed to be following at their heels.

Those boys lived to be old men before their neighbors quit joshing them about the Rebels being after them.

HERALDINGS

True friendship can neither be bought nor won by force.

Various kinds of strength may be expended amid the noise and bustle of everyday life, but the chances are that it was gathered in quietness and solitude.

How anxious we are to reach some goal which we have set, but we must pay the price before we can reasonably expect to attain it.

We ought so to live that the other fellow will miss us because we helped him to live.

So near are God and mankind linked,

Believe it sister, brother,
We can't neglect to love the one
And truly love the other.

Patience is a rare virtue, but it is the remedy for many of our worries.

A conscience to tell you what is right, and courage and determination to obey cannot end in failure.

SCHOOL DAY WAR SPIRIT

Ting-a-ling-ling! rang the bell. Instantly the sounds of conflict stilled and the battle ceased.

General Ulysses S. Grant wiped his bloody nose and General Robert E. Lee felt gingerly of a black eye. At the word of command, the opposing armies fell into rank behind their leaders and trooped into the school house.

School house? Yes, the Bloomfield school house back in 1867. Teacher Eli Kagarise had just rung the bell calling his scholars to books.

Although the Civil war had been over two years, the war spirit was still flaming high in the breasts of young America. At every intermission the worn door sill "betraying the feet that creeping slow to school, went storming out to playing" got a few fresh nicks as the boys' heavy brass-toed cow hide boots scraped over it in their mad dash out to the playground battle field.

Battle Was Soon On

"Hurrah for the Union! yelled the Bakers Summit boys as they double-quick stepped to their fence rail fort. "Hurrah for the Johnnie Rebs!" shouted the Ore Hill contingent as they sprinted to their fort. And the battle was on. With sticks and sling shots for guns and stones for ammunition, what started in fun and make-believe, soon developed into dead earnest, honest - to - goodness hand-to-hand fighting.

Sock, down came a club on a squirrel fur cap. Crack, a stone caromed off the rail barricade, narrowly missing an eye which was peering alertly through an aperture in the fort

wall. Shouts and imprecations rent the air.

This was no child's play. The soldiers were young fellows from 15 to 21 years of age. In those days a school of 50 or 60 pupils was nothing unusual. Young men and women went to school until they were 21.

The term being only four months long, those studiously inclined continued to go to school until they became of age or married. Little boys were not allowed to participate in the warfare. They stood at a more or less safe distance and watched the course of the battles with awed concentration.

Recalls School Battles

Among the little chaps that looked on with rising emotions that found vent in childish tremolo shouts of encouragement to the Union forces and hisses at the rival rebs, was Andrew B. Miller of Curryville. He was eight years old that winter, and it must be confessed that he was more interested in war than he was in his a-b-abs. The stirring events on the play ground stand forth as clearly to him today as they were then.

Mr. Miller says the "officers" drafted the men into service quite as the Federal agents did their fathers. The drills and military exercises were executed with exactitude. This was one phase of the activities the little boys could engage in. They did so with gusto, falling in, right-about facing and straw-foot, hay footing it, in careful imitation of the big fellows.

Of course, this was not as exciting as the battles. But Mr. Miller states that no matter to what bloody pitch

the battle had risen, when the summons of Mr. Kagarise's bell rang out, the dove of peace at once reigned and the embattled warriors marched into school in orderly manner.

Safe and Sane Sports

Alas, when Mr. Miller grew old enough to fight the aftermath of war had cooled down and given place to the humdrum routine of such safe and sane sports as town ball, crack-the-whip and prisoners' base.

Mr. Kagarise gave up teaching in favor of the tinner's trade, establishing a flourishing business in Roaring Spring, where he lived many years in enjoyment of the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens.

His former pupils remember him, with respect. He was a capable instructor, a good disciplinarian, as well as a man of unimpeachable character.

HERALDINGS

Be careful of your physical health; your happiness and success depend so much upon it.

Be careful of your spiritual health; how it has been maintained is the key to your eternal welfare. A deterioration of spiritual health often marks the beginning of a deterioration in physical health.

Be careful of your promises; unless you are an exceptional person you cannot afford to make too many of them. A reputation for making promises and failing to carry them out creates an unenviable record.

Be careful what you do with gossip; even if you know it to be true (and how often we do not) unless it is for someone else's good why repeat it?

Be careful of your friendships; real friends are worth while possessions. They are readily recognized, not when the sun is brightly shining but when it is dimmed by the clouds of adversity.

Be careful on what you set your heart; do not let the greed for gold deafen your ears to the call of humanity. "As you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

"A golden opportunity,
Just think what may be done with me."

Ticks of the clock the livelong day
These are the words they seem to say.

Sometimes of course we do avail,
As chances come, more times we fail—

Not realizing as moments go,
We build for future bliss or woe.

So very little do we know
Of all there is to learn,
And questions rise to puzzle us

But in the simplest things we may
Whatever way we turn;
A Higher Power discern.

We may try to peer into the future, but at the best we cannot see very far.

Nature is ever speaking to us were our ears attuned to her message.

"No man liveth unto himself", and the same might be said of nations.

You may lose your temper today and tomorrow have twice as much.

Friends should be considered as an asset rather than a liability.

We may never be rich, we may never win fame, and yet the greatest things in life may be ours.

HOW DAVY ARTHUR WAS KILLED

From the very first run, the freight business boomed on the Morrisons Cove Branch railroad. Not only was the ore haul heavy, but there were quantities of out-going freight at every station equipped to handle it.

Mine props, grain, cattle, milk were among the products shipped to outside markets. For many years, the branch was the only rail outlet for the territory embraced by the major parts of Bedford and Fulton counties, due to the successful resistance of the Pennsy to forestall attempts of the Baltimore and Ohio system to lay lines through this fertile region.

The present writer well remembers the almost continuous line of teamsters which wound along the public road past the school house, enroute to debarkation at the local warehouse. Thud, thud, the fall of the hoofs of the patient horses and creak of the almost ceaseless traffic was a powerful counter attraction to study. Winter time, though, was the worst of all. Then the jingle of the bells and chimes proved almost irresistible.

Was Rest for the Eyes

Did not the physiology books warn that prolonged scrutiny of the printed page was harmful to the optic nerve; that the strain should be relieved by frequent lifting of the eyes to rest on objects in space? Well, what was more natural than to conserve the sight by frequent glances to the great out-of-doors. If the traffic was the most thrillingly interesting thing in the near field of vision, that was something over which the seekers after knowledge had no control.

One earnest teacher circumvented

this perfectly logical line of action by frosting over the lower window panes. Overwhelming zeal on the part of other of the instructors to advance the learners' appreciation of the aesthetic by taking up subscriptions to furnish scrim curtains for the windows, may not have been motivated entirely by artistic sentiments.

Be that as it may, neither curtains nor frosted glass could shut out wholly the lure exercised by the activities carried on by untrammelled grown-up out on the glamorous highway.

Cove Was a Desert In '95

Probably the first fatal wreck to occur on the branch railroad, happened Oct. 16, 1895. That summer and fall, it will be recalled, was exceedingly dry. Even the oldest residents of that time declared the drought had no parallel.

It was so dry that even the leaves of the trees were burned brown. Beautiful Morrisons Cove had been transformed almost into an arid desert, with scarce a tinge of green to relieve the monotony of the deadened brown. The Pennsy was compelled to haul water in tank cars for necessary use in the operation of the shops in Altoona.

David Arthur, who then lived in Henrietta, was engineer on the branch passenger train. He was a jolly, genial little man, whose infectious humor and fine traits of character, had made him more than usually popular.

His pride was his engine, and loyalty and service to the company were a fetish. He kept his engine polished to such a state of shine that it look-

ed as if it had just come from the shop. Doubtless his enthusiasm and his efficiency shaped the ambition of any number of the boys of the community to become the "man at the throttle" when they grew up.

Collided With Water Train

On this particular October morning, the train pulled out at 4 o'clock on schedule time. It was dark, and in addition, there was a heavy fog which the headlight could not penetrate. In the cut near what is now South Altoona, the train collided with a water train, Engineer Arthur's vision was so obscured that he failed to see the obstruction.

The impact was terrific, Mr. Arthur was so severely injured that he died at the Altoona hospital an hour or so later. The fireman, a Mr. Good, was instantly killed. This tragedy created intense excitement in the Cove. A wave of sympathy reached from one end of the Cove to the other, owing to the regard which the people felt for the unfortunate victims.

The late John L. Wineland, well known business man of Martinsburg and the Cove, was a passenger on the train. He often said all that saved him from possible injury was the fact that he had his knees rigidly propped against the seat in front. It is by way of being a co-incident that Mr. Wineland was killed by a branch train some fourteen years ago.

HERALDINGS

Sometimes we appear to be crushed by calamity, but a sublime faith eventually arises to guide us onward.

A great man once said, "This one thing I do." The trouble with lot of us is we try to do too many things.

Press on; look up; a light to guide
Shines ever on our way;
If we in faith and love abide,
The clouds cannot long stay.
For love is strong and hate can rage,
In vain its strength is hurled;
But faith stands firm in every age,
And faith can move the world.

It is well to check up occasionally
and see how nearly we have accomplished what we had planned.

Life is a game of see-saw; so remember
if you are down today you may be up again tomorrow.
If we could say, like Peter,

"Such as I have I give,"
The world would be a better,
A brighter place to live.
For neither gold nor silver
Can meet the soul's great needs;
A weary sin-sick brother
Demands your Christ-like deeds.

If we would do like Peter—
Reach out a helping hand,
Thus aid a fallen comrade
Upon his feet to stand;
And then within his bosom
New courage to inspire,
We'd find our walk more holy
Than tramping in the mire.

We think if we had plenty
Of silver, gold or power,
How on the needy 'round us
We'd send a constant shower.
It is not the amount, friend,
For blessings you may live,
When you will say, like Peter,
"Such as I have I give."

Making life easy for a child is not
his best preparation for facing the world

AT MERCY OF MASKED ROBBERS

Friday evening, Sept. 20, 1895, crickets were chirping; a mild breeze ruffled the leaves. It was a typically serene late summer evening.

A sense of peace and well-being prevailed in the Michael Bechtel home on Hickory Bottom. Mr. and Mrs. Bechtel were in the sitting room, more or less desultorily talking over the day's events.

Mr. Bechtel had taken a wagon load of wheat to the mill at Loysburg earlier in the day. Out of the proceeds of forty-odd dollars, he had made the last payment on his house which had been built but a few years before.

Looking about with the contented air of the householder whose domain is his own and in the clear, he prepared to enjoy a few hours of ease, following the stress of the day's routine.

Was Reading The Herald

With this end in view, he relaxed in his favorite rocking chair and soon was absorbed in reading *The Martinsburg Herald*. From time to time he read bits of news aloud to his wife that she might join in discussion of such local events that roused his interest.

Their pretty blonde daughter, Miss Anna, was playing the organ in the parlor across the hall.

She was playing rather dreamily, it must be confessed, because her mind was more intent on housekeeping plans than on the music, for she was to be married within the year to Levi B. Stoudnour. Sewing, crocheting, embroidering and quilting had engrossed her attention lately. It

was natural that her playing was somewhat perfunctory.

Suddenly she became conscious that some one else was in the room. Turning around, she was confronted with the sight of a masked man, who carried a heavy hickory billy in his hand. Thinking one of the Detwiler boys who lived nearby, was playing a trick on her, she cried, "Humph, you're not scaring me. I know who you are."

At Once Sensed Danger

Almost immediately she sensed menacing danger. This was no practical joke. The masked figure, moving towards her and grasping her wrist, forced her to go with him to the room where her parents were. In the meantime he hissed warningly, "Keep your mouth shut, we don't want any music now."

As they passed through the hall, Anna saw another masked man standing guard at the front door. When she and her captor entered the sitting room, a third man, likewise masked, and with a gun in one hand and another stuck in a holster at his hip was demanding that her father "cough up" the money he got for the grain he sold that day.

Mr. Bechtel protested that he had paid out the money. But the burglar maintained that if the man of the house knew what was good for him, he would produce the money without further palaver.

At last Mr. Bechtel insisted that he be allowed to get the receipt in proof of his contention that he had spent the money. The man with the guns acceded to the extent that he accom-

panied the gentleman to the first floor bed-room where Mr. and Mrs. Bechtel were accustomed to sleep, to search for it.

Mrs. Bechtel Near Fainting

Rendered almost hysterical by fright, Mrs. Bechtel, on the verge of fainting, gasped for breath.

Noticing her condition, the marauder who had brought Miss Anna into the room, threw open a window, and picking up a fan, began solicitously to fan her to a running accompaniment of reassuring chatter: "Well, well, take it easy; take it easy. We're not going to hurt you. You'll be alright. Just be ca'm."

After that she had regained her composure, he sat by the open window where he kept attentive watch for chance passersby.

In the bed room, meanwhile, Mr. Bechtel produced the receipt, which proved beyond a doubt that he had told the truth about his having paid out the money he had received for the wheat.

Undaunted, the burglar continued his search, rumpling up the contents of the bureau drawers and throwing them helter skelter to the floor. He even tore up the bedding as he prosecuted the search for a secret cache in the mattress and the pillows. He eventually succeeded in finding some \$16 or \$18.

Ransacked Entire House

Leisurely, he proceeded to ransack the house from cellar to garret. In Miss Anna's room, he stole her gold watch, her brooches and rings, in fact all the jewelry she possessed.

He even rifled the few pieces of change her purse contained. Determined to leave no valuables behind, he mussed up the carefully folded

table and bed linens, fancy work and articles of her wedding trousseau which had been stored in the chest of drawers, and scattered them about the floor. As if this vandalism were not enough, he tore all the bed clothes off the bed and added them to the litter on the floor.

Her valise on the attic evidently put a new idea into his head. Because after finding it, he made a second foray through the house, this time on a still hunt for Mr. Bechtel's clothes. He took every piece of wearing apparel he owned except what the old gentleman had on his back, and packed it in the valise.

Satisfied that he had gotten all the booty he could make use of, he concluded he would top off the evening's efforts with something to eat. His nefarious exertions evidently gave him an appetite.

At any rate he went to the cellar and brought up a basket of grapes and a crock of milk which he and his companion thieves proceeded to consume. They took their good time at it, as if they had'n't a care in the world. To add insult to injury, they threw the grape skins on the floor, trampling them into the carpet as they moved about.

At Mercy of Intruders

All in all, they spent an hour in the house. Arriving at 8.30, they did not leave until 9.30. Their demeanor was so hard-boiled and cock-sure that they filled the Bechtel's with hot resentment, but they were completely at the mercy of the brazen intruders, and could do nothing.

When they took their leave, they warned their victims against making any outcry, declaring that if they so much as gave a cheep until the bur-

glars had made a safe get-away, it would mean certain death. They also threatened if the Bechtel family would tell any one about the burglary in less than a week, they would be back to wreak their revenge in blood.

The bravado and insolence of the burglars electrified the residents of the Cove as no other incident ever had. Neighbors were so incensed that they were ready to stage a lynching bee. And there were those who believed they knew where to look for the right parties.

To Greet Them With Cold Lead

The more mettlesome ones oiled the old shot gun and set it in strategic position behind the door, declaring they would greet similar attempts with cold lead. The timorous, how-

ever, were so overcome with fear that a knock on the door after night fall threw them into fits of terror.

While the identity of the burglars was never definitely established, yet suspicion painted three worthies with a reputation that put them beyond the pale of respectable society.

In fact Mr. Bechtel received a letter from a stranger, a woman, who stated that her fears for his safety, as well as that of his family, impelled her to send a warning.

She named three men, whom, she said, she had overheard talking among themselves, that if the "Bechtels won't quit talking so much, we'll go back there and shut them up for good." However, they never made a return trip, nor did Mr. Bechtel ever bring suit against them.

PAST LIVES ONCE AGAIN

"The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey."

Old Mother Goose must have had King George II in mind when she wrote the nursery rhyme. King George, grandfather of George III, with whom George Washington had the big racket. It is said George II loved nothing better than counting his money piece by piece.

As his queen, Caroline of Anspach was equally devoted to the housewifely virtues, the above jingle describes what in the royal household must have been "a good time had by all present."

At any rate, the Mother Goose jingle popped into my head while I examined a deed which was exhibited at the museum during the Martinsburg Centennial celebration. The deed is dated in 1741. George II was reigning in England then. It bears the seal

of the Province of Maryland.

Seal Stamped on Wax

The seal, stamped on a wad of wax overlaid by a piece of delicate parchment on either side, was attacked by Samuel Ogle, Lieutenant General, Chevalier and Keeper of the Great Seal. General Ogle lived on a beautiful estate in Baltimore county in enjoyment of the pastoral pursuits customary to the landed gentry of the period.

This gentleman had a horse named Sparks. Sparks was the most prized of all his possessions. For had not the noble animal been presented to him by Lord Baltimore, founder of Maryland? And Lord Baltimore, in turn, had received it from none other than Prince Frederick Louis. The prince who was the eldest son of George II, was himself the father of George III of England.

George II, George III and George Washington. What a trilogy of Georges. George, the eccentric,

George, the mad, and George, who became the father of his country!

In 1746 George Washington was nine years old. Across the sea, a three-year-old prince was being initiated into the code of etiquette which is the lot of kings. George Washington was going through the acid test of character building which expressed itself in that famous confession "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut it with my little hatchet.."

King Can Do No Wrong

Simultaneously George III at the early age of three was being subjected to the more or less tender mercies of a succession of tutors, all of whom seemed bent to encourage the royal obsession that, "the king can do no wrong." At that time none could have foreseen the turn of fate which would bring George, the king, and George, the rebel, into a conflict which would result in the birth into freedom of the greatest nation on earth.

This old deed which dates back to our early Colonial era and which calls to mind incidents which seem immured within the lids of the history books, belongs to Mrs. Carrie Endsley of Henrietta.

She had on display a collection of antiques which suggested a most interesting panorama of American history. With Mrs. Endsley's kind permission, the present writer had the pleasure of studying this collection in the owner's beautiful home at Henrietta. Her graphic story of the different pieces, flashes a series of close-ups of the past on the screen of imagination.

For instance, we turn from Maryland of the Cavaliers to humble, strait-laced, industrious Morrisons Cove. The stimulus was in the shape of a crude fat lamp. A little iron, hand-wrought receptacle which was filled with lard or tallow, from which a wick sucked up a feeble glow. It was hung from a hook devised for the purpose of driving it into a log in the wall.

One Step From Wilderness

Log cabins, fat lamps, representing the step next above the howling wilderness and the tallow dip! That's get-

ting pretty close to our chronicle of genesis here in America. The little lamp belonged to Samuel Stonerook, late of the Henrietta district. He learned his a. b, c's by the light of that lamp. To our eyes strained by the glare of electricity, that tiny flicker of light would draw forth the exclamation: "Look! That must be a lightning bug parked up there on the wall."

Here is a candle lantern so old its history has been forgotten. Plainly, it is pre-Revolutionary. With its four panels of glass, it looks more like a bird cage than the protective and distributive medium of a flame it is intended to be. At once a picture leaps into mind. The town watchman is slashing his lonely rounds through the sleet and snow, calling the hour and such choice bits of news as may appeal to the drowsy townsmen. The ray pierces the gloom so feebly that surely the lantern serves as company rather than for illumination.

Slop, clop, crunch! The watchman trudges through the darkness, crying at intervals, "Nine o'clock, and all's well. 'Squire Sorghum died a few minutes ago." Well that old lantern certainly is worthy of being classed with Early Americana.

Memories of Gold Rush

Here is a beautiful set of polished coral jewelry, consisting of a brooch and ear pendants, cleverly fashioned in a floral design, which flashes a picture of our mental screen of the Cripple Creek Gold rush during the early '90's. Cripple Creek, Colorado!

We visualize a pocket in the summit of the Rocky Mountains, 9600 ft. above sea level. Reached by the Midland Terminal Railway which climbs by serpentine levels up the majestic height of the mountain side, it impressed the present writer when visited in 1916 as the place that God forgot. Not a green spear of anything to be seen. Harsh, forbidding, desolate, it is a waste of rock walls with floor of sand.

In one house a brave show of growing plants in a window, is the only concession to the softer aspects

of nature. Certainly there is little enough to suggest a gold fever.

But in 1892 and for a decade thereafter, this hole in the mountain top provided all the stage props of a boom town. Dance halls, gambling dens and saloons were going full blast, while galloping cow punchers gave exhibitions of plain and fancy shooting on occasions.

Poverty Gulch was yielding the precious yellow metal in million dollar lots. One of the prospectors, who struck it rich, bought the coral for his wife. This lady in after years presented it to Mrs. Endsley as a token of friendship.

Belonged to A President

Two fine linen handkerchiefs, embroidered with the initials of William McKinley were contained in the late president's traveling bag at the time he was shot by Czolgosz at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Beautiful Delaware park, stretching greenly to the lapping shore of the lake; vast crowds milling about waiting to shake hands with the Nation's executive, present a picture of pleasant excitement.

Two shots ring out; blood spurting from the body of the fallen chieftain, death winging near, the assassin grappling with his captors, lays the blight of tragedy on the scene.

The handkerchiefs and other mementoes were given to Mrs. Endsley by Mr. Endsley's sister, wife of President McKinley's brother.

The Past Lives Again

Two psalters, both printed in German, and once the property of Mrs. Endsley's great, great aunt, catch the eye. Inscribed on the fly leaf in graceful script, we see: "Esther Wineland, Her Book."

This takes us back to the days when hymns were lined at divine service. For not all of the congregation were so fortunate as to have a song book, marked her book or his book, as the case might be. Therefore the custom arose of the minister or some one else with sonorous voice, reading the hymns, line by line as a guide for the congregation to join in the singing.

Had Ear For Music

You'd imagine the resultant harmony would be pretty awful. But those old timers had an ear for music, and untaught as many of them were, they raised their voices in a triumphal chorus that needed not offend the music sense of the dilettante. The song book was printed in 1813. A companion book was printed in 1693.

An old, old candle snuffer, pie lifter blunderbus, a duplicate of Captain Kidd's, and other relics would draw this article out to unconscionable length. Space bids us to refrain.

Once upon a time a lonely English woman lived in Washington, D. C. Her neighbor, a Miss Ramsdale, seeking to make life a little more bearable, brought in the cheer of companionship by frequent visits and little attentions which cost nothing, and which sprang purely from motives of disinterested kindness.

So Miss Ramsdale called on her, read to her and tried, in a measure, to make up for the friends that were 3000 miles away. Now, here is where this fairy story runs true to form. When the English woman died and her will was read, it was found that she had bequeathed everything she had to Miss Ramsdale: Luxurious house and all its contents, inclusive of several jewel cases, filled with a glittering collection of diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

As a souvenir of this happy denouement to the fairy story, Mrs. Endsley has a gold mounted Spanish comb and a pair of beautifully chased ear pendants as the gift of her good friend, Miss Ramsdale.

And so it goes. Each piece of this unique collection has a story of its own. Because of the associations connected with them, each of these old relics possesses the magic power of making the past live for us again. 8 in the home of Chalmer Grubb at this place, in honor of their seventh wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brumbaugh spent an evening recently in the home of Elmer Snyder in Roaring Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtin and

George Varner of Altoona spent a Saturday recently with Chalmer Grubb and family.

Quite a few people are employed at the Harry Snoberger farm here taking out the large crop of potatoes.

CHRISTMAS PEACE

By F. C. DODSON

If I were a minister and looking for a text from which to preach a helpful sermon to my people, I believe John 16-33 would be my selection; "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The thought here seems to be that although we are in a world of tribulation, yet at the same time we may be in Him and have peace. It is possible to rise above the petty worries of this life when we think how brief even the longest life is as compared with eternity; when we realize how futile it is to give all our time to making money in order that we may say like the rich fool that we have much goods laid up for the future and then we can eat, drink and be merry. Too often comes the verdict, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee and then whose shall these things be?"

Galatians 5-22 tells us that the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace etc. Therefore if we have the Spirit and the Spirit is bearing fruit, we have peace. Sometimes we wonder how the martyrs of old were able to do the things they did; it was because they had this fruit-bearing Spirit.

Stephen had peace with the stones striking him, for how otherwise could he say, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," words so nearly like those uttered on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Daniel had peace in Him in the den of lions; the Hebrew children had peace in the fiery furnace. Abraham had peace as he offered his son, or at least was making all preparation to sacrifice Isaac as he had been com-

manded. The martyrs burning at the stake had the peace "that the world cannot give, and cannot take away."

Outside His will there is not peace; within, there is naught but peace and the things pertaining to it.

He says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The peace He longs to give us
Was brought to earth that night,
When shepherds heard the voices
And saw the glory light;
While Mary watched and waited
Within the stable's gloom,
We wonder could she vision
The life, the death, the tomb.

So old to us the story,
Yet new it shines so plain—
He came, He died, He conquered,
He's coming back again.
The babe a King returning
To claim them as His own,
Who have this peace accepted,
And trust in Him alone.

Ring, Christmas bells, this message
That all the world may know
This love supreme, eternal,
He would His children show.
This message of salvation,
Tell out and never cease
'Til all the earth has tasted
Of this glad Christmas peace.

HERALDINGS

A friendly smile, a pat on the back, a kind word, a clasp of the hand—all small things in themselves, but they have been turning points in numerous lives.

Whatever you may do, however good you may be someone will find fault.

If you have failed to accomplish what you set out to do, do not be discouraged; try to find the cause of your seeming failure, remedy it and try again.

GOING TO MARKET ON FOOT

"Hey, fellers, come and see the turkeys. Oodles and oodles of 'em. You never seen so many turkeys in all your born days. Oo-ooh, come a-runnin', and see the sight."

Great was the excitement among young America, and older ones too, sixty years ago when the turkeys passed through Loysburg. And with good cause, for there were 2,000 turkeys in the flock, or would it be a drove? That number of big birds to be used for the mainstay of traditional holiday feasting was being driven from Ohio to the eastern markets.

Believe it or not, those turkeys were making the trip to the butcher's on foot. Over those hundreds of weary miles, through dust, rain and mud they traveled. Why they kept together, goodness only knows. Probably they were actuated on the principle that misery loves company.

The story is told by Rev. C. W. Carns of Loysburg. He was a lad then with a normal craving for the unusual. Needless to say, he foregathered with the other boys to gaze in wide-eyed wonder at the curious spectacle. Such a gobbling as there was, accompanied by plaintive honking of the disgruntled females of the species, has never been heard in the Cove since. A cold fall day was drawing to a close when the "turks" got to Loysburg.

Decided It Was Bed-time

They decided it was bed time. With all the noise they could make those prospective Thanksgiving dinners protested they would go no farther. The leaders picked out a nearby orchard as a good place to roost, and roost they did, in spite of the efforts of the drivers, who tried to urge, cajole and persuade the birds to make a little more distance.

At sunrise, they made known the fact that it was time to be served breakfast. Accordingly the drivers gave them a generous portion of corn and other grain, all they could stuff down. After which their feathered

charges were content to start anew on their march to the chopping block. If Rev. Carns recollects aright, the drivers carried no supplies. They apparently counted on procuring the necessary feed from the farmers living along the route they traveled.

In those days before the railroads transportation had diverted traffic from the highway, there was almost always something of interest to be seen on the road leading through Loysburg. Great clouds of dust heralded the approach of droves of cattle that were driven to market on the hoof. Bleating of sheep and the creak and rattle of wagons went on endlessly. Everything imaginable was hauled or driven northward by the slow stages of foot and horse power.

Most likely among this motley assortment were occasional droves of hogs. That would imply that there were men who could successfully drive these animals. Any one who could do that was a superman, even though he was fated to pass through this world unknown to fame.

Saw How Shoes Were Made

At intervals his father sent the little lad Rev. Carns was then to the shoemaker's in the village to have the latter cut out a pair of leather shoe laces. This was a fascinating operation to juvenile observers. But even more alluring were the stories the old shoemaker told of the far off days when he was young. That was another world and other times, indeed, as they were pictured to the inquiring mind of the child.

Perhaps the most curious story related by the old man, then in his late seventies, was about the method whereby fresh oysters were delivered to epicures in the inland cities. In his youth, the old gentlemen averred, that he hauled oysters from Baltimore, the traditional home of the succulentivalves, to Pittsburgh. He transported them in a big wagon, a replica of the one which Lee Brumbaugh of New Enterprise displayed

in the Farm Progress parade on Thursday of the Centennial celebration at Martinsburg last summer.

The bed was made water-tight. Quantities of live oysters immersed in their native sea water, were poured into it and started on the long trek to their destination.

A couple of barrels of salt water were added to the cargo for the purpose of replenishing the brine. Every evening the wagoner drew off some of the stale water, providing a fresh supply by mixing salt in fresh water in the proportion to delude the oysters into believing that they were

getting a new taste of Chesapeake Bay. When the water was poured in to them, the old man declared, those oysters would open their shells gratefully and drink up the artificial ocean water. In this way the oysters arrived at Pittsburgh to all intent and purpose as fresh as though they had been raised from the bottom of the Atlantic coast. Of course, Rev. Carns does not vouch for the truth of this amazing study in biology, but that is the way it was told him by the old shoemaker. And nothing in the old man's telling of it led the lad to doubt his sincerity and good faith.

SAM FLUKE, 92, ELUDES TIME

A 17-year-old boy bent in absorbed interest over his slate. The year, 1857, was carved into the frame.

The fitful light of a blustery winter day at intervals thrust a shaft of sunlight through the high set windows of the Waterside school house, through which dancing dust motes flitted much to the delight of little tots on the front seats who welcomed such diversion to while away idle moments.

The noise of recitations and the hum of the scholars conning their lessons in sibilant monotone, did not distract the attention of the boy from his slate. He was working out an algebra problem.

While the other big boys and girls diligently engaged in solving the examples in Ray's Arithmetic, he covered his slate with involved propositions in algebra and geometry. To his school mates those neat symbols were incomprehensible cat tracks, as they called them, but to him it was a fas-

cinating enterprise, for was it not a means toward the attainment of his life work? He had chosen to be a surveyor, a good one, too, just like his Uncle John.

Had Meagre Opportunities

His will to do, took account of no obstacles. He was taking full advantage of the meagre opportunities that came his way in order to realize his ambition.

And the name on the slate?

The name was Samuel B. Fluke. A name which in Morrisons Cove and Central Pennsylvania stands for integrity, sobriety, straight-forward business dealing and meticulous service.

For 64 years that name has held place in the window of the same shop in Woodbury informing the public that Mr. Fluke is in the jewelry business.

Until a little over three years ago,

the sign also bore the inscription, "Photograph Gallery."

In 1868 the young surveyor hung out his sign, announcing his profession of photographer. Two years later he added watch repairing and the general jewelry business to the list of his vocations.

And there you will find him today. At 92, he is still actively engaged in business, with no thought of retirement.

Sixty-four years of community service at the same stand, and still going strong, is a record which challenges competition. It is doubtful whether it can be equaled any where else in Pennsylvania or even in the whole United States.

Studied Slavery Question

But in 1857 the chief concern of the youthful Samuel B. Fluke, aside from learning surveying, was what to do about the slavery question. This issue violently agitated the local debaters. At every contest, held at the different school houses in the district, advocates for and against slavery heatedly propounded their views.

John B. Fluke, Mr. Samuel B. Fluke's uncle, to whose judgment the nephew would yield in everything else, was an ardent pro-slaveryite. The Flukes had been Democrats for so long that it was bred in the bone to vote the ticket. But the young Samuel B. Fluke reluctantly decided to take the opposing side.

Following intensive study of the arguments adduced on both sides, he said to himself, "Slavery is not right." Accordingly he took up the cudgels in support of his opinions, and when the time came to vote, he cast his first ballot for Lincoln and

has consistently voted the Republican ticket ever since.

Mr. Fluke was born in South Woodbury township, Aug. 2, 1840. That was the year of the famous campaign for the presidency, waged by Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, when the campaign song, "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too", and the log cabin with a barrel of hard cider at the door, were symbols which worked up the voters to high pitch and swept the General into the White House.

When we read in the history books about that far off time, it seems to go back into the very beginnings of the United States. There were only 28 states in the Union then. The California gold rush and the Mexican War were undreamed of.

Lincoln Coming to Front

A young westerner by the name of Abraham Lincoln was emerging out of back woods obscurity as the leader of the Whig party in the state of Illinois. The country was torn by dissensions engendered by the institution of slavery. All that is so far in the past, that it seems nothing short of a marvel that a man still lives whose life bridges that time with the present. That great privilege has been granted to Mr. Fluke.

He comes of a long-lived ancestry. His great-grandfather, John Fluke, came to the central section of Pennsylvania from Bucks county in 1790, settling at the end of Piper's Run near what is now Eichelbergertown. Both he and his wife attained to great age, and one of their sixteen children, a son, lived to be 90 and his wife 93.

These folks are buried in the Reformed cemetery at Yellow Creek, which was the scene last fall of the

grave robbery, which so electrified the people in this part of the state. The descendants of the family of the first Mr. and Mrs. John Fluke are scattered all over the United States. A cousin and his family, who accompanied the John Fluke's from Bucks county, settled farther west, locating in the vicinity of Ligonier. Forced to move on on account of Indian raids, they eventually, it is believed, established themselves on the farm which now comprises Highland Park in Pittsburgh.

Grandfather in War of 1812

Mr. Fluke is a son of Henry S. Fluke and his wife, Elizabeth Bender Fluke. His mother's father enlisted in a company which was inducted into service at Bedford to fight in the War of 1812. Ordered to help dislodge the British from their stronghold north of what is now Chicago, the soldiers had proceeded as far as the territory of Indiana, when they received word to return home as the war was over.

As a boy Mr. Fluke was inured to hard work. He had access to the country school of the period for a term of four months each year. But lack of opportunity did not discourage his ambition. He was the type who believed he could do anything any one else could do. Thus it came about that he improved his time at school until he mastered text book arithmetic.

Under the efficient instruction of his uncle, the late John B. Fluke, who also was his school teacher for a couple of terms he rapidly worked his way through algebra, geometry and trigonometry until he reached the point where his uncle said, "You have gone as far as I can be of as-

sistance to you. That is far enough. You had better come along with me now and learn the practical part of surveying."

His uncle was one of the best surveyors the country ever produced, and Samuel B. Fluke made him his pattern and exemplar and in course of time became equally as good. He knows Morrisons Cove farms as no one else does. In fact, one might say that he is familiar with every square foot of the valley, for there is scarcely a farm whose boundaries he has not helped to fix.

Has Stacks of Plans

If there is any doubt in one's mind, all that is necessary is to look at the stacks of plans which he has on file. He says in leafing them over, he sometimes wonders, "Is it possible that I could have done that much surveying in my time."

When one considers what Mr. Fluke accomplished without either high school or college facilities at his disposal, one realizes that perseverance and self-reliance are of more account than schooling.

Here he is, an affable, courtly gentleman, in speech and manner, bearing all the earmarks of a man of superior education, and with a list of professions we are accustomed to associate with college graduates only, yet he is the product of the old-time country school which was open for only a four month term.

In association with John B. Fluke, Samuel B. Fluke was getting himself well established in surveying when the Civil War broke out. These men enjoyed the confidence of land owners to such an extent that Bedford county has been singularly free from boundary disputes. No exceptions

were taken to the Fluke surveys. All parties accepted their boundaries as final.

Still Has Instruments

While the scope of this article will not admit of any technical description of the surveying instruments, it is interesting to note that the ones Mr. Fluke and his uncle used, all of which are still in Mr. Fluke's possession—In fact everything Mr. Fluke ever used, in any kind of work, is in a perfect state of preservation—are virtually the same as those which are in use today.

They used Draper's compass, which has been adopted by legislation as the standard instrument in many of our states. A crew of three men accompanied the surveyor, two at the chain and one with the pole.

Mr. Fluke laid out Roaring Spring. Mr. Spang had employed a surveyor to make a draft of the proposed town, but when it was submitted to him, he was very much dissatisfied with it. He saw at once the streets did not run at right angles. Inquiring around for a reliable surveyor, Squire Vare, an old friend, referred him to Mr. Fluke, assuring him that "Sam Fluke will do it right." That was how Mr. Fluke got the job.

Asked whether he had plotted Woodbury, he said he had not, that the borough of Woodbury is about the same as it has always been. It has changed insofar that new houses and improvements have been installed but its size has remained about stationary ever since Mr. Fluke first made its acquaintance.

Enlisted In The Army

August 8, 1864 is a high light in Mr. Fluke's career. That was the date of his enlistment in the Union army.

One does not need to talk with him long to realize that his war service yields him the fondest recollections of a long and varied life time.

Mention the Civil War, and immediately the old war horse smells powder. He was assigned as fife major of the 205th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He had learned to play the fife and the fiddle, just as he did everything else. Made up his mind he'd like to do it, then "picked it up" by his own efforts. The major battles in which he took part were in the vicinity of Petersburg, Va.

For well over a year the Union forces laid desperate siege to this railway center of the south, which was the key to the defense of Richmond. So great was the loss of life that the ground was fairly soaked with blood. It was here on July 30, 1864 that General Burnside's ill-fated failure to take advantage of the explosion of extensive mines, laid by a Pennsylvania coal miner, cost him his command and the Union 4000 of its finest men in less than a half hour.

From then until its capture just before the end of the war, the boys in blue kept up almost unceasing firing. In 1865 both Grant and Sheridan threw their forces against the Confederate fortifications until they were literally battered to pieces.

Was In Thick of Fight

Mr. Fluke did not bear arms, but as fife major, he was in the thick of it. In addition to getting up at 5 o'clock and making the rounds with the drum major, sounding the reveille, guard mount, sick call, roll call and so on throughout the day until the final "Lights Out" signal at 9 p. m.

He did the cooking. His mess mate, W. G. Ganoë carried the wood and water and kept the fires going, while Comrade Fluke cooked hard tack and pork one meal and pork and hard tack the next. Occasionally the menu was varied by pork and beans.

When the two boys lay down for the night, they were exposed to the incessant fire from both sides. The bullets whizzed overhead from all directions with a hum and drone that sounded like a swarm of bumble bees. When one buzzed extra close, the boys said, one to the other, "That bumble bee came pretty close that time."

Fortunately none of the bees ever left a stinger in the bodies of the two young soldiers. Reserved and matter of fact as Mr. Fluke is by nature, he does not indulge in any dramatic recital of his war experiences, but a group of photographs hanging in his store, which were taken immediately following the capture of Petersburg, speaks louder than words of the horrors of that time of slaughter. Comrade Ganoë, who later entered the ministry, kept in close touch with Mr. Fluke until his death a few weeks ago.

Presented With Fife

The silver fife which he played was presented to him by the officers of his company. It bears the inscription—

Presented by
Capt. L. D. Spiece and Lieut. Lower
of Co C, 205th Regt. P. I.
To
S. B. Fluke
Musician of said Regt.
at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 3rd, 1864

He remarked to the present writer, "Money can't buy this fife. It could happen that it might be stolen or

something like that, but I shall never part with it voluntarily."

Mr. Fluke regrets that owing to his having lost his teeth, he no longer can play this cherished instrument. He recalls on occasion when he played it under very unusual circumstances.

In the 1880's when the first telephone line was extended into Woodbury connecting it with Bedford, St. Clairsville, Cessna and outlying points to the southward, Mr. Fluke was asked to play some tunes as a feature of the grand opening celebration. The telephone then was sufficiently a novelty to be considered as something too marvelous to be true.

Some of the residents of these places hooted at the idea that sound could be carried that distance on wires, but when they listened in, they were convinced. For, "B'George, they could hear Sam Fluke play his fife as plain as if they was in the same room with him."

Taught School Three Terms

As is the case with so many young fellows raised in the country, Mr. Fluke took up school teaching as soon as he was old enough. He taught three terms of "four months and every other Saturday." He taught the Texas Corner and the Teeter school, near the Replogle mill at New Enterprise, in Bedford county, and Millerstown, near Henrietta, in Blair county.

Following the Civil War, he again took up photography, which he had learned in 1862. He entered into business with Jerry Thomas. They opened up in Tyrone, later outfitting a tin type wagon and working out from Barleysville and Rock Springs and covering the territory embraced

in the northern end of Huntingdon county.

One can imagine the tremors of excitement which rippled through the community when word was broadcast that the tin type wagon had driven in. Demure maidens in billowing crinolines and bashful swains in side burns and broad-fall breeches, came to have their "pictures took." Proud papas and mamas came with their babies, brides and grooms in wedding finery, Grandpa Tucker and Grandma Smith hobbled in and picnic, school, church and family groups were delineated to be solicitously put away in the recesses of the family album.

After a time the boss, Mr. Thomas, decamped, leaving his young partner to his own devices. The latter located at State College, a hamlet then of a few houses.

During his sojourn there interest centered on the construction work on a school building. This was "Old Main" which for so many years did duty as the nucleus of the Pennsylvania State College. Mr. Fluke took a picture of the building when no more than the frame work had been erected. This likely is the first picture ever taken of famous Old Main.

Sixty Years of Photography

In 1868, Mr. Fluke opened a photograph gallery in the building he now occupies, and continued to take pictures until a few years ago.

If he had kept one of every set of photographs he made since then, what a pictorial history of Morrisons Cove that would be! An illustrated record of passing fashions and of nearly every interesting family event in the section over a period of 60 years!

By the way, Mr. Fluke explains

that a tin type was not tin at all. It was iron. After the picture was printed, the protographer painted the bloom of health and blush of modesty on the cheeks and rouged the lips with tiny brushes dipped in red.

He even gave the appearance of greater animation by indicating the exhaled breath by a darkened smudge under the nose. Those old tin-types, or rather Daguerreotypes or ferro-types, as they were technically called, gave the similitude of living, breathing reality with a vengeance.

The Fluke baby pictures are all distinguished by an alert pose and expression. There was a secret. Instead of resorting to the time honored injunction, "Look at the birdie" to engage juvenile attention, Mr. Fluke blew a whistle just as he popped his head under the black cloth swathing the camera. Thus he caught the babies unawares.

Takes up Watch Repairing

When Mr. Fluke opened his gallery, a watch and clock repairman by the name of Price, rented a counter on the first floor at which he carried on his trade. By watching him Mr. Fluke got the idea that he could do repairing too. One day he asked Mr. Price for the loan of his tools.

"What for?" asked Mr. Price.

"I want to clean my watch," announced Mr. Fluke.

Without more ado, he took his watch apart, cleaned it thoroughly and put it together again without mishap. With a little help from Mr. Price from time to time, Mr. Fluke soon became as proficient in watch and clock repairing as was his teacher.

Again he had demonstrated that he could learn a trade by mere observa-

tion and the will to succeed. During the time he has been engaged in the jewelry business, he has seen the United States emerge to the forefront in the manufacture of watches. When he started in business in 1870, watches were assembled by American watch makers from parts imported from abroad. The Swiss watch was the standard.

All parts used in repair work were shipped in from the old country. The present standard makes were unheard of. He has lived to see the U. S. A. trade work out distance all competitors.

When you go into his shop today, it seems to be the place where Time is marking the record of his measured pacing in the march towards eternity.

A collection of clocks are ticking. Ticking, ticking off the seconds that slip into the irrevocable past, beyond recall. Chimes musically sound the quarter hour. Strident, business-like, old-fashioned clocks shrill the hours and half-hours. Yes, Time here intrudes his warning, "Passing, passing!"

Master Eludes Time

But somehow the master of the shop eludes Time. At 92, he is still young. He gives the impression of being many years younger than he is. Except for hardness of hearing, he gives no indication of great age.

When it comes to salesmanship, he is there too. He needs to take no leaf out of the modern salesman's book. A sign in the store announces in the owner's clear and but slightly wavering hand writing, "Ladies' diamond rings." So one realizes the stock takes in quite a variety. Attempts at burglary have been made at five different times, but have been foiled by the fact that the sturdy old door has an inter-reinforcement of steel.

Mr. Fluke was twice married. His first wife was Rosanna Replogle. The present Mrs. Fluke was Caroline Reighard. Four of the eleven children, born to the first union, survive. They are Mrs. Jennie Dillen, of

Roaring Spring; Charles and Harry of Altoona and Mahlon of Pittsburgh.

Asked as to differences between the present and the past, he said the most apparent to him is that the earlier generations were more given to thrift. Their keen desire to own their own land and homes inspired them to make every self-denial to attain this end.

Pioneers Were Home Owners

The old time house holder was a land owner, not a renter. He and his family were so busy making a living and laying a little by for a rainy day, that they were also less inclined to meddle in their neighbor's affairs.

Mr. Fluke does not make this observation with any sense of rancor but takes all sting out of it with one of his infectious chuckles.

He had a peculiar experience last August. While on his way from his home to open the store, a voice spoke in his ear. In clear loud tones, he heard the words, "You'll be 96." Looking around to see from whence they came, no one was in sight.

He is convinced it was no human voice he heard. It must have been divine. He regards this strange phenomenon as an intimation that he will live until he is ninety-six.

Much more might be written about Mr. Fluke's long and varied career. How he served for many years as justice of the peace and the part that he has taken in fraternal activities and other phases of community life, but space forbids that these things be taken up at this time.

HERALDINGS

To some of us the failure to recall names and faces has proved embarrassing; to the politician it is a calamity.

A program of the things to be done is an aid in saving time.

Your "best" today should be surpassed by your "better" tomorrow.

